

The New **REPUBLIC**

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No More Subways!

Shower-Bath Ballads

What the Chinese Want

The Professional Amateur

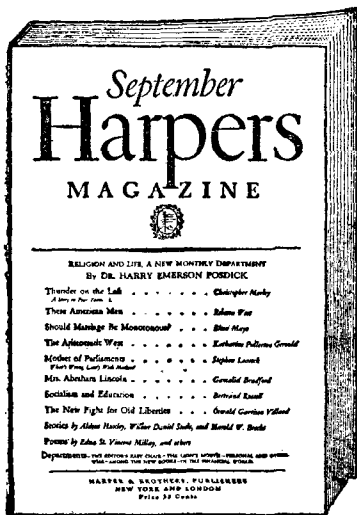
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Harper's MAGAZINE

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLIV

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The Week

IT WAS inevitable that before long someone should rise to suggest "a Dawes plan for China," as Dr. C. C. Batchelder of New York University has now done, speaking at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. He proposes a commission which would be purely advisory, would seek to aid the existing Chinese government, and would contain if possible some of the members of the original Commission. Such a suggestion has a superficial plausibility; yet in our opinion to try to put it into operation would be a grave mistake. The parallel between China and Germany is a fictitious one. Germany, a completely industrialized nation, was under the urgent necessity of restoring her financial and economic machinery to a state of high activity in order to keep her population alive. China is in no such position; she could gain no advantages from the operation of a Dawes plan which she could not gain equally well or better without any foreign intervention at all. Germany had, though with a pistol at her head, signed the Treaty of Versailles and thereby admitted the interest of the Allies in her economic restoration. In China, every foreign

privilege has either been established by brute force or dates back historically to conditions which have disappeared. Indeed, much of the present weakness of the Chinese government is directly the result of policies of the Western Powers carried out over the past eighty-five years. If there ever was a time when a Dawes plan for China had any hope of success, that time, as Dr. Harry F. Ward points out elsewhere in this issue, has long since passed.

THE most important development in the bituminous coal industry for a generation is likely soon to be the result of activities neither by labor nor by government, but by private owners. A billion-dollar merger is rumored, including large producers in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana and Illinois. Two smaller mergers would cover minor companies in Kentucky and West Virginia, respectively. Among them, these consolidations would include the bulk of the soft-coal fields, especially of the most profitable veins. Thus the control of the industry which has been sorely needed by labor, by the public and by the operators is on the brink of being established by the latter interest alone. What government and labor have been too stupid, too sluggish or too powerless to do in their own interest, the operators will do in theirs. Among the reforms mentioned as in contemplation by the new mergers are stabilizing of supply, abandonment of unprofitable mines, installation of more modern machinery. These changes would tend to steady production and reduce costs.

POPULAR opinion will probably look upon the consolidated control of the soft-coal industry with indifferent approval, though in truth such control may be either beneficent or the reverse, or a mixture of the two, according to its exercise. Unprofitable mines would have been abandoned without mergers, simply through the force of competition. The over-developed industry needed stabilization of supply; but power over supply means power to keep it sufficiently below demand to milk the public of huge profits. Greater efficiency is needed, and its benefits may be shared by the public and labor; but such benefits may accrue chiefly to the coffers of the larger and more efficient concerns, as in the anthracite industry. Moreover, the establishment

of steady employment and better conditions for labor are doubtful boons if they are to be achieved through beneficent autocracy rather than with the autonomous participation of organized labor. Is this basic industry to be controlled by huge aggregations of private capital, without public regulation and on an open-shop basis? If so, the public and labor will pay dearly for their dilatory attention to the crisis and their childish trust in the operation of "natural economic law" in the coal industry—which in practice means liberty for the more powerful private interests to do about what they like.

IF PROPERLY analyzed, the report of the National Bureau of Economic Research on the current income in the United States from 1909 to 1921 ought to furnish needed enlightenment and stimulate wholesome questions. The increase in dollar income was, as everyone knows, very large, but when translated into actual purchasing power per person employed it was not so striking. The "average" person gainfully employed—an average which includes such widely scattered income groups as all wage-earners, farmers, and business men—received \$791 in 1909, \$1851 at the high point in 1920, and \$1537 in 1921. In dollars of 1913 value, however, the low point was \$821 in 1911, the high point \$947 in 1917; the 1921 figure was \$887, only 8 percent larger than ten years before. Why is it that during the wasteful period of the War, when millions of tons of good material were being used for organized killing, the average purchasing power was at its highest? Why is it that the tremendous gains in mechanical and plant efficiency brought so little result to the bulk of the population? What is the real benefit from the tremendous accretions of capital value—not included in these figures? What light on common prejudices is thrown by the fact that changes in political administration had little or no effect on common welfare? And what does it mean that 34,000,000 of the approximately 40,000,000 gainfully employed did not make enough to come within the class of income taxpayers?

THE absence of news from Yugoslavia during the past few weeks is, for once, good news; it justifies the belief that the rapprochement between the Pachich and Radich forces has reality behind it, and may be permanent. Not only have these two bitter enemies made peace, and formed a coalition government, but both of them have abandoned—at least for the present—their more extreme demands, and those of their followers who were associated with those demands. Radich, the Croatian peasant leader, has solemnly renounced his demand for autonomy and a republic; he has hailed the king as a "cultured and democratic monarch"; and he has saluted Pachich, who outlawed the Croatian party, and kept Radich himself in prison, as "a great and honest politician." M. Pachich, notoriously taciturn, is not reported as returning the compliment. He has, how-

ever, dropped Pribichevich, whom he seduced from the Democrats two years ago, with whose help he has governed ever since, and whom he has allowed to inspire and carry out many of the acts of violence by which the Pachich régime has kept itself in power.

PIPES of peace are smoked so seldom in the Balkans that it is permissible to rejoice at this one, without looking too closely into the mixture it contains. To be sure, serious elements of friction remain; the new Serbo-Croat friendship means a quarrel with the Slovenes, the Bosnian Mohammedans, and other elements. The Croats have wanted to remain peasants and keep their country out of the way of the industrial juggernaut; it remains to be seen whether they will now be able to cling to this program. But in the meantime, it is a great gain that Pribichevich should be forced out of public life and the virtual reign of terror come to an end. Incidentally, what has become of the charge of threatened Bolshevism, because of which he was permitted to take such drastic action? The new developments give strong support to the opinion which has several times been advanced in the pages of the New Republic: that the "menace" of Bolshevism in Yugoslavia, as in other parts of the Balkans, is something to be turned on and off by the conservatives as suits their political needs of the moment.

FRIENDS of the movement for public ownership of public utilities have good reason to regret the death, on August 16, of Sir Adam Beck, at the age of sixty-eight. He was not only an enthusiastic supporter of the principle for many years, but he had more than any other man to do with one of the most conspicuous successes in this field in the whole world—the publicly-owned electric light and power system in the Province of Ontario. He built the Ontario Hydro-electric Plant at Niagara Falls, introduced the bill in the Ontario Legislature in 1906 which created the Hydro-electric Power Commission, and was chairman of the latter at the time of his death. With the remarkable achievements of the Commission in providing electric light and power at prices far below those charged under similar conditions in the United States our readers are of course familiar. Only a few weeks ago we summarized in our columns his vigorous and conclusive reply to an extraordinary attack upon the enterprise put out under the ægis of the Smithsonian Institution, of Washington—an attack, by the way, which is likely to be the subject of a Congressional investigation during the coming winter. While Sir Adam was the sort of fighter who can ill be spared, there is at least partial consolation in the fact that the enterprise he fathered still continues, and by its example does more to further the cause of public ownership than any possible quantity of assorted propaganda could achieve.

AMERICAN Education Week seems doomed to be a bone of contention not among educators but among conservatives and radicals. The program which was formulated for the celebration of education week last November was severely criticised in many quarters for its emphasis upon training in patriotism, waving the stars and stripes, and most especially curbing the illiterate red. Much of the content of the exercises seemed to have emanated from the American Legion, of which the federal commissioner of education was formerly an officer, and to have had little relation to the actual educational problems of the public schools. Now, therefore, the American Federation of Teachers has announced a program of another sort. This program was drafted under the direction of the president of the teachers' union, adopted at a recent national convention, and dispatched to Commissioner Tigert for his "favorable consideration." According to these suggestions, Monday, November 16, would be devoted to American traditions of freedom, Tuesday to progress in the arts of peace, Wednesday to civil institutions, Thursday to political liberty, Friday to social justice, Saturday to public health, and Sunday to moral development.

AS AN expression of trade union gospel this program is extremely circumspect. Not only does it contain no trace of propaganda in the interest either of teachers or of unionists, but it points the finger of denunciation at no other group. Whereas last year's official exercises contained various specific references to the radical in our midst and emphasized the necessity for exorcising him, this one contents itself with a rehearsal of the principles of social justice, freedom of speech, freedom of assemblage, and the like, with no mention of any of the demons of capitalism whom trade unionists might conceivably wish to educate out of existence. In this sense the proposals of the teachers' union are far worthier of general adoption than the exercises of last year. A little reflection upon the freedom and social justice for which America has stood in the past will hurt no one. But at another point this program errs even more sadly than the one it criticises. As we had occasion to remark last fall, the official program allowed just one day of the seven to the celebration of purely educational ideals. In the new exercises no time whatever is allotted to education. In a program devised to exalt the public schools, education as the dissemination of knowledge is wholly supplanted by education considered as the development of social and moral interests. They are valid interests. A Social Justice Week might be a very good thing indeed. But in that case why call it Education Week?

GREAT BRITAIN has a Middle Class Union which, basing its existence on the supposed separation between the white collar worker and both

capital and labor, has sought to advance the interests of its special group—chiefly, it must be noted, by furnishing strike breakers in cases where suspension of public utility services such as gas, light and water, is threatened as the result of labor disputes. It is not impossible that a similar organization may grow up in the United States as the result of a recent quarrel between New York City commuters and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The latter a few weeks ago announced a sudden and drastic increase in commutation rates—in some instances as much as 40 percent. Commuters first protested and then translated their protest into action by attempting to secure a court order prohibiting the increase. They were successful only to the extent of forcing the road to give them "rebate slips" promising a refund of their money if the highest court should hold the increase was unlawful. The organization created under the stress of this fight, however, seems likely to be permanent. A number of commuters' organizations representing various suburban localities have now formed a general body and are going at it in a businesslike way to prevent what they regard as unreasonable gouging of the suburbanite—usually an example in excelsis of the middle-class white-collarite. It will be interesting to see whether this gentleman, who usually thinks like a capitalist even when he isn't one, will be able to alter his viewpoint sufficiently to adopt those trade union tactics which are the only effective ones.

SPEAKING at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, Dr. William E. Rappard has attacked the myth of American efficiency. He says that Europeans regard us as incorrigibly wasteful. We are inferior to them, he says, in handling persons of various races; we are wofully ignorant of languages; when we attempt business enterprises in competition with continentals we are frequently beaten. Dr. Rappard has expressed frankly and in public a point of view which many other Europeans advance privately, and his candor is most welcome. The truth is, of course, that Americans *are* Europeans, so far as their racial inheritance is concerned; and whatever differences have developed on this side of the Atlantic are mainly due to differences in environment. Our huge national resources and our disproportionately small population have undoubtedly given us a prodigality which the European regards with horror. Lack of necessity has certainly kept us from learning languages or how to handle various national temperaments. But none of these facts is to our credit or discredit. They are historical accidents, due to causes which are universal in their application. The attempt to compare Europeans with Americans is about as useful as to compare two apple trees, one of which happened to grow in deep rich valley soil and the other on a sandy, storm-swept hillside.

The Improvement of Criminal Justice

THE National Crime Commission, which has recently completed its organization in New York City, has undertaken the task of investigating the administration of criminal justice in the United States and of proposing effective means of improving it. The gentlemen who have organized this Commission are busy men who do not like to waste their time, and they have undertaken a job which notoriously needs to be done. It is no exaggeration to assert that the administration of criminal justice has broken down in the United States, and that in this respect American state governments are failing to perform the most primitive and essential function which society imposes on government. Yet, judging from the past, it is extremely doubtful whether any substantial improvement will result from the labors of the new Commission. For 50 years grave abuses have existed in the administration of criminal justice in the United States, and many similar bodies have undertaken similar inquiries into the incidents, the causes, the consequences and the remedies of this condition. Yet the condition itself has become on the whole steadily worse. Life and property are less secure in the large American cities than ever before in the history of the country. We would like to believe that the new investigation will accomplish more by way of reform than its predecessors, but whatever the intelligence and good faith of the men who are leading the new Commission, we can see no reason to anticipate a more prosperous result for their enterprise.

The reason is not far to seek. American public opinion does not provide at present a soil or an atmosphere in which investigations bear fruit and in which fundamental reforms obtain their indispensable nourishment. The people who operate American national activities are not for the moment in a sufficiently critical, inquisitive, considerate and progressive state of mind to deal with radical evils or abuses. They are, no doubt, troubled by the existence of so much undetected and unpunished crime. If the existence of this crime and the failure to detect and punish its authors were an isolated social phenomenon which could be dealt with without reference to general political, economic and moral conditions, they could doubtless conduct an effective investigation and suggest plausible remedies which might subsequently be tried. But when an evil has existed for so many years and so many good citizens have made so many futile efforts to cure it, its causes must run deep and must be entangled with many salient aspects of contemporary institutions and practices. A national crime commission cannot proceed very far in its appointed task without overcoming obstacles which are rooted in the existing political and social organization of

the country and in its existing ways of administering and practicing law. As soon as it has to deal with obstacles of this kind a commission, such as that recently formed, is certain to flinch. It is instituted to deal with crime as presumably an isolated tumor on the American social and political body. In so far as the tumor is the result of some disease of the blood or of the nervous system or of the general moral controls, it would be foolishly optimistic to anticipate substantial results from its labors.

The best existing inquiry into the breakdown of the administration of criminal law in the United States is contained in the survey of criminal justice in Cleveland which was published in 1922 by the Cleveland Foundation. This report is limited to an investigation of conditions as they existed in one large city, but it is safe to say that the picture which it draws of the defects in the administration of criminal justice in Cleveland would be substantially true of other large American cities. Indeed, Cleveland is probably better rather than worse than the average. The survey was planned under the direction of Professors Roscoe Pound and Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, and contains special reports by experts on police administration, on the prosecuting officers, on the criminal courts, on correctional and penal treatment, on legal education, and on medical science and the newspapers in their relation to criminal justice. The summary and analysis of the results of these special reports by Professor Pound in the concluding chapter of this volume explains with the utmost lucidity why the administration of criminal justice in Cleveland has broken down, how general and deeply rooted the causes of the breakdown are and how radical any effective reorganization must necessarily be.

Professor Pound's general contention is that the existing organization of criminal justice in American cities received its present form in the American farming community of the first half of the nineteenth century, and has never been sufficiently modified to meet the wholly different conditions which prevail in an American urban community of today. It presupposes, that is, "a homogeneous people, jealous of its rights, zealous to keep order and in sympathy with the institutions of government"—a people which can be trusted to set the machinery of law in motion of its own initiative and to enforce the law intelligently and steadily in the jury box. Instead of such a community the modern city is actually composed of many diversified racial and economic groups, ignorant of American institutions, suspicious with good reason of government as they have known it and hence often imbued with a distrust of all government, loath to invoke legal machinery and prone to think of a jury trial as some sort of general man hunt. With conditions changed in this way a method of administering criminal justice which was satis-

factory in 1825 would, unless appropriately modified, break down utterly in 1925.

The machinery of administration which was planned for these pioneer agricultural communities has remained ever since substantially unchanged. The special studies of the police, of the district attorney's office, of the courts and of the jails contained in the Cleveland Survey all tell the same story. An administration of the law suitable to the needs of a homogeneous rural community is adapted to the needs of a huge, congested and most diversified urban community merely by additions and duplications. The number of the police and other administrative officials has multiplied, and additional uncoordinated agencies have been tacked on, but the original methods of administration have remained unchanged. A district attorney's office or a police department of today is merely a magnified version of the same office sixty years ago. The Cleveland Survey insisted, consequently, that the whole organization of criminal justice should be modified in the direction of concentrating responsibility and power. It called for unification of police administration, providing for undivided authority under a director with permanent tenure, dependent only on results; for unification of the prosecuting agencies, with permanent tenure and similarly undivided authority and responsibility; for unification of the courts and the organization of judicial business under one administrative head; for the incorporation of the bar with provision for responsible disciplinary agencies; for improved legal education; and above all for the taking of the bench out of politics and the restoration of the old common law independence of the judiciary.

If a thorough-going reorganization of the legal machinery for administering criminal justice is indispensable to the prevention of crime, as in our opinion the Cleveland Survey fully demonstrates, a body such as the National Crime Commission is not adapted to effect the reorganization. In order to bring it about, the Commission would have to invade practically all the important cities in the country and convince local opinion of the need of reconstructing their police departments and courts. They would have to overcome the bitter and the extremely formidable opposition of the local politicians. Practically all the serious abuses which the Cleveland Survey detects in the administration of the criminal law are highly profitable to the political machines. They provide employment for the party workers. They enable the local bosses to ease the rigors of the law for the benefit of their followers. They make for an easy-going friendly administration of the law in which personal favoritism counts very largely, and exacting impersonal standards not at all. Almost everybody who is now directly or indirectly participating in the administration of criminal justice is interested in preventing the kind of reorganization which the Cleveland Survey proposes; and in all the large cities of the country this

group includes the whole body of local politicians and their dependents. If the National Crime Commission should propose a reorganization of criminal justice which would injure the vested interest of this group, its proposals would have to overcome the opposition, the indifference and the lethargy which defeat all attacks on vested interests in America. If it ignores the need of such reorganization, it will not succeed in diminishing the volume of crime and in improving the machinery for its detection, adjudication and punishment.

Mr. Mark O. Prentiss has described the National Crime Commission as "the crusade of organized business against organized crime." The description is absurdly inept. The gentlemen who conduct organized business in America, such as Mr. Gary, doubtless have their virtues, but even they would hardly take themselves seriously as crusaders, and in this day and generation a crusade itself is usually nothing more than a silly explosion of sentimental moral violence. Big business men will never form an effective agency for getting rid of organized crime except in so far as it exists in organized business. The people whose initiative and coöperation are most necessary to any effective handling of the problems of organized crime are the people who are now professionally occupied in suppressing it; and these are the people whose coöperation it seems impossible to get. They will not admit that their own procedures are at fault. They exhibit neither the will nor the power to review, to appraise and to correct their own activities. As a group they have advanced only one remedy for the increase of undetected and unpunished crime. They demand the imposition of severer penalties upon the poor wretches who are actually convicted.

It is futile to expect any improvement in the administration of the criminal law in this country until the people engaged in the work of administration are willing to have their own behavior systematically watched, recorded and tested. As yet these people have not moved even in the direction of setting up an adequate system of crime accounting. The records of the local police departments, prosecuting offices and courts are flagrantly deficient. This particular negligence is itself a sufficient admission that the officials are avoiding the light. The first condition of any successful reorganization of an essential social activity, such as the prevention and punishment of crime, is the existence among the people who devote their lives to carrying on the activity, of a disinterested, methodical curiosity as to how the function is operating. That condition does not yet exist among the people who administer criminal justice in the United States. Neither does it exist among the people who conduct other important social activities. Americans live and move in an atmosphere of self-satisfaction. If they wish to reform anything, it is always something which be-

longs to somebody else. A few business men may wish to institute an accounting system which will reveal the causes of the increase of crime, but they are wholly unwilling to admit that business, no less than criminal justice, needs a social cost accounting system and that they themselves ought to set it up. If organized business wishes to create an atmosphere which will be favorable to the diminution of organized crime, it should begin by setting up a recording angel to watch its own performances. In that event the lawyers and politicians who are professionally engaged in preventing and punishing crime would find themselves measured by a new standard. They would find it less easy than they now do to take advantage of the ignorance and irresponsibility in which their own work is immersed.

No More Subways!

A HOT primary campaign in the New York City Democratic party is worth the attention of observers because of its demonstration of the futility which seems to haunt American politics. There are numerous issues, but the chief is subways. Mayor Hylan's cry is that he is protecting the five-cent fare against the traction interests. The answer of his primary opponent, State Senator James J. Walker, is that he too is for the five-cent fare, but that Mayor Hylan has built almost no subways and has no good plans for building any. "Say it with shovels" is the slogan of the opposition.

Now the traction muddle is so technically complex that almost nobody understands it except experts, many of whom are in disagreement. To make a convincing and sound demonstration on either side to the majority of voters during a political campaign is almost hopeless. So far as we can analyze the problem, the Mayor's opponents seem to have a strong case. But, to speak paradoxically, the stronger their case, the more we are inclined to favor the Mayor. If the building of subways must be the issue, we must plump for the man who is absolutely guaranteed not to build them.

The New York subway is an abomination, an affair of bad air, intolerable racket and inhuman congestion. Use of it is injurious to health, nerves and sensibilities, wholly incompatible with a decent mode of existence. We freely admit that a larger number of subways to carry the same number of persons would somewhat mitigate this curse of the over-grown city. But both experience and reason prove that such an objective is impossible of achievement merely by building subways—except for brief periods. When you dig a new subway you grow new subway riders. More skyscrapers at one end furnish employment for more thousands. More real estate operators at the other end provide them with high-cost, shoddy houses on the instalment plan. They have to work in the skyscrapers to pay for the houses. They have to live in the houses to

work in the skyscrapers. In the end you have ten jammed and obnoxious subway lines instead of five. The volume, if not the intensity, of human misery is by that much increased. And the victims are so stupefied that the best they can do is to emerge from their holes on election day to vote for more subways and more five-cent fares.

This may sound like a flippant and sentimental argument, but we can state it in unfeeling economic terms. The modern big city is a monument of economic waste. The bigger it gets the more wasteful it becomes. Its workers have to be recompensed with what seem elsewhere like extravagant amounts in order to pay the high costs of providing what inadequate homes they can afford, and for the confused transportation of their food through countless middlemen and crowded traffic. To carry them the miles they have to travel between work and sleep wastes millions of hours of their time and millions of dollars in transit equipment and operation. Meanwhile, as all who have given a thought to the subject know, the city itself is badly designed. There are hundreds of square miles of ill-used space. There is appalling cross-hauling of persons and products. Decent living quarters cannot be provided for at least a third of the people because there is no profit in building new anything they can afford to live in. The only beneficiaries of the muddle are real estate promoters, and the believers in free, unrestricted, competitive private enterprise.

It is natural that the first symptom of this economic disease is a demand for more transportation. The worker can somewhat improve his living quarters by moving to temporarily less congested districts. But a real remedy would cut much deeper. It would provide a good city plan, with adequate restrictions for industry and building. This would eliminate some of the waste in design and tend to restrict overpopulation. A real remedy would simplify the terminal and market system. It would supplement the city plan with measures of housing relief. And it would buttress the city plan with a regional plan, calculated to draw off surplus industry and population to smaller, more economical, and more pleasant centres. If the population were thus stabilized, and overgrowth were prevented, we might profitably turn our attention to transit. With the volume of subway riders diminished and under control, the space per rider might be enlarged. To enlarge the space without limiting the riders is like planting new crops in the path of an army of locusts.

Our ideal candidate for Mayor would be a new Malthus, concerned with the action and reaction of the city and population. The materials for his platform are at hand; elaborate and costly researches have illuminated the problem. Perhaps it is too much to hope for relief through politics. To talk of five-cent fares, traction interests, and shovels is so much easier than to grasp the fundamentals of the situation and fight the real interests, the real inertia, the real stupidity which have to be fought

in order to apply a comprehensive policy. Yet the state has created a Port Authority, and a Regional Planning and Housing Commission. An investigation preliminary to a city plan has been made. We have privately initiated but public-spirited beginnings like the City Housing Corporation. We have qualified experts on garden cities. Just possibly by 1929 or 1933 there may be a campaign in which it will be important to take sides.

The Professional Amateur

NOWHERE in civilization is man's capacity for persistent, organized, unanimous self-deception more glaringly revealed than in the world of sport. This is the reflection to which we are brought by the seasonal recurrence of the row over amateur status. Sportsmanship, the world is continually being told, is the soul of honor. If we could only be governed by the spirit in which games are played, every blackguardly imposition, every cheeky motive would instantly disappear. What, precisely, is this spirit? To go back to first principles, it is the spirit in which a gentleman scrupulously pays the gambling debts which are called debts of honor because they cannot be collected under the law, preferring to let his (legitimate) creditors foreclose on his house, preferring to terminate his children's education, rather than give even the appearance of paltering with his sacred honor. It is the spirit in which other gentlemen require half a dozen professional observers and adjudicators to keep the peace while they run a race, or knock a ball about with a bat, or club, or racket. It is the spirit in which one gentleman seeks to obtain the advantage by disqualifying his better opponents, while another seeks to maintain his position in the game by an elaborate system of deception as to the source of his support.

The amateur athlete is presumably one who plays or runs or swims for fun. The supposition is that he is able to play for fun, hence that he belongs to the idle classes, and this has been the case among British and continental athletes until comparatively recently. Indeed, the extraordinary prowess of America in every department of sport has been due in large part to the abandonment of that distinction in this country and the admission to the games of players from all the ranks of society.

Training in cricket and soccer, hockey and tennis, has been an important part of the British schoolboy's life for many years, but only of the boy whose social position places him in a "public" school. In America, however, it has been customary for every youth to learn his baseball in the back lots and his hockey on the mill pond. The result has been that the most distinguished athletes of America have been recruited from every sort of social background. Thus the American Olympic teams have refused even to draw the color line.

Under these circumstances the sacredness of sportsmanship has been maintained by artificial distinctions, in particular by the definition of amateur status. Whereas in the first place an amateur is a gentleman who plays for fun and never thinks of deriving his support from his athletic prowess because, forsooth, he has an independent income, any athlete can become a gentleman by definition simply by observing the same rule. Since a gentleman gets no return from his play, anyone who gets no return is, for the purposes of play, technically a gentleman.

From the social point of view the distinction is obviously preposterous. Apart from the artificialities of sport, no gentleman would ever admit for a moment that his position is adequately defined by his economic independence. If he allowed such a thing even to be considered he would insist not only upon eliminating sport as a source of income but upon designating those specific investments which are admitted to be honorable. In particular he would emphasize the honorable nature of an income from the rentals of an estate, especially of an old estate. Next he might designate certain classes of securities. A connection with the business world would be, upon the whole, deplorable, and if it were allowed at all, must be definitely financial. Any sort of professional employment, in business or otherwise, would mean almost certain disqualification. Viewed in the light of these discriminations, the player-writer controversy is a complete hoax. Journalism is an honorable profession, as professions go. But sporting writers do not rank with marquises *ex officio*. The whole idea that a man may establish his gentlemanship by deriving his support from the payroll of a newspaper is a travesty of the "ideals" of sportsmanship. As a gentleman of leisure the amateur athlete is a sheer caricature.

But quite apart from this, the amateur-professional distinction is an impossible one to maintain consistently except by the most barefaced subterfuge. The presumption is that an amateur does not derive his support from his prowess as an athlete. In every case where the athlete does not happen to be a wealthy man this presumption is contrary to fact. It is impossible for any man to keep up the training and practice that are indispensable to his athletic form and carry on another career in business or professional life simultaneously. Either the athlete must give up his sport, or he must derive his support from it in some fashion. Roughly speaking, there are two ways in which he may do this and still preserve his technical status as an amateur. One is by selling the prestige of his name in some industry closely allied to his sport and appealing to the "fans" who know his prowess, or he must live on nothing a year as the "guest" of various athletic clubs. In the former case he must choose his field with the greatest caution. Most of the disputes over the definition of amateur status have

arisen at this point. Is it legitimate for an amateur to sell his name for the endorsement of athletic goods and apparatus? The custodians of virtue have decided that it is not. Is it legitimate for an amateur athlete to be a salesman or "representative" of a concern which sells or manufactures athletic equipment? Again the decision has been negative. In such cases the prestige of the champion is too obviously bartered. But it has been found that an athlete may write for money, even about sports. Here, it is to be presumed, he is using his knowledge and his judgment in the composition of his articles, and not selling his name and fame at a price. But the prices which are offered to the player-writers always include the player's signature in the bargain. Many players no doubt write excellently. But none of them, apparently, writes so excellently that his work is not improved by his illustrious name.

Strangely enough, living upon nothing a year is generally considered to be the acme of amateurish chastity. From time to time some slight scandal is blown about. A "guest" is discovered to be in possession of spending money. Questions are raised concerning padded expense accounts. But in general the idea is that an athlete who is totally supported by his club, handling no money himself, is the very model of a perfect sporting gentleman. In actual fact, of course, his status is precisely that of the performing bear. He is an amateur in precisely the same sense in which a race horse is an amateur. He has grooms and trainers supplied to him. His traveling to and fro is all provided for. The feed bag is brought to him three times a day. In return for which he wears the colors of his club. The theory seems to be that if an athlete is a wage earner, he is no gentleman; but if he is a chattel slave, his standing is above reproach.

In dealing with conceptions of this sort it is useless to quibble about details. The more carefully amateur standing is defined the more utterly noisome the whole idea becomes. If the high priests of sportsmanship decide, in the case which is now pending, that a player may give out statements concerning events in which he has taken part, they will have given the game away. If they decide that he may not, they will have given the game away, too. Whatever the decision, the very raising of the point is an admission that the amateur is marketing his precious prowess. The whole discussion is technical in precisely the sense employed by that character in *Moon Calf* who confides that she is not technically pure. Really, there is no such thing as amateurship in organized athletics. The more technical the definition, the more impure the reality.

If anyone doubts this, let him consider for a moment what is involved in organized athletics. From the athletic point of view, the purpose of all these distinctions is to safeguard the sanctity of the championships. The question is not whether a player is good or not, much less whether he is a gentleman

or not, but whether or not he is champion of this or that, officially. If he is not officially certified upon the basis of a guaranteed performance, he may be a fine gentleman but he is not a great athlete. This performance is itself not the play of sporting gentlemen, who obey the rules of their own making, or at least fight out their quarrels among themselves. It is a ceremonial, an initiation, presided over by grand sachems and undergone by aspirants qualified and guaranteed by them. In these affairs no one is passed upon his credit as a gentleman. No one's word is good. To become a qualified champion it is necessary to submit to the most elaborate system of espionage. Then, if one's life has been (technically) pure, if one's weight is proper, one's garments acceptable, one's gestures free from blame, if the ball has fallen within the mark in the opinion of the judges, if the wind has not been blowing too hard in the opinion of the judges, if the pool is the right length according to the requirements of the judges, and if all these things are certified in due course by the judges, then one may be the official amateur champion of this and that.

In fine, the very expression, amateur champion, is a contradiction in terms. Nothing could be more thoroughly professionalized than a modern championship. Nothing could be remoter from the conception of sportsmanship as the code of gentlemen at play than the espionage and certification upon which it is based. The code upon which modern athletics is conducted is not an immoral code. It is a professional code. There is nothing low or corrupt about this. America stands for a democracy to which the gentlemanship and sportsmanship of a social aristocracy are foreign. But because this is so, the attempt to effect a technical resolution of these two mutually foreign codes is productive of nothing but deception and immorality. To be a professional is not bad sportsmanship; it is no sportsmanship at all. To be a professional and pretend you are an idle gentleman of the vintage of George IV is not bad sportsmanship, either; it is moral obliquity. We propose that "amateur status" be done away with forever in the interest of clean professional athletics.

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What the Chinese Want

DOES the West understand that her representatives are now negotiating with the Chinese government on the basis of *demands*, because of the shooting of students and others by the foreign police of the International Settlement of Shanghai? This marks a new day in the history of world affairs. Before now *requests* from China have come into international gatherings, but not *demands*. Usually these have come from the Powers to China. It will be well for the West, and particularly for the United States, to consider carefully these demands and to try to understand what is behind them—the idea, the feelings, the forces.

The prevailing tendency in foreign commercial circles in China, especially in Shanghai, is to dismiss the demands offhand as impossible. That way more trouble lies. The present attitude of diplomatic circles in China is to bargain over the killings and to avoid discussion of the fundamental causes which lie in the position of special privilege enjoyed by foreigners in China. These tactics may succeed in getting a temporary adjustment but they will lead inevitably to final disaster. "What is the use of talking on that basis?" said a Chinese graduate of one of the greatest American universities and of its law school. "What are dollars in this matter, even though they are millions? What I want to be assured is that my children will not be shot down like dogs."

Thirteen demands were presented in behalf of the Chinese in Shanghai by the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, the most powerful commercial and financial group in China. These were supposed also to represent the Amalgamated Union of Commerce, Labor and Education which is managing the general strike. This body is composed of the General Labor Union of Shanghai, the Chinese Students Union (national), the Shanghai Students Union and the Federated Street Unions. The latter body represents 10,000 shopkeepers organized by streets; the Chamber of Commerce with 530 members represents the larger merchants and bankers. About six persons belong to both organizations. The Chamber of Commerce agreed to carry on the strike though it is not in the Union.

The demands can be divided into two sections, the first dealing with the shooting and the state of martial law that followed, covering punishment, compensation, apology and restoration of normal conditions. The second section deals with the indirect causes of the incident and asks for certain changes in the government of the International Settlement of Shanghai. After the demands were presented to the Chinese commissioners it developed that there was a certain divergence between them and thirteen demands which had originally been

drawn by a joint committee of educational, labor and commercial bodies in Shanghai, which is the executive of the Amalgamated Union. These demands were therefore also presented to the Chinese commissioners. The important points of difference are, first, that the general body asks for the abolition of extra-territoriality and the permanent withdrawal of the British and Japanese troops and marines from Shanghai. The Chamber of Commerce dropped this on the ground that it was contrary to existing treaties. Next they left out a demand that the Chinese should have 50 percent of the high police officers in the International Settlement and a Chinese commissioner for the Chinese section of the police. They also omitted a demand for absolute freedom of speech and of the press for Chinese in the International Settlement and the demand that laborers shall have the right to organize and the right to strike. They changed this and some other specific items concerning the treatment of labor into "Better conditions for the laborers. Any laborer may work or not on his own accord and shall not be punishable for refusal to work." In so far as future events are concerned this is the only significant rift in the solidarity of the various group interests behind the demands. For the present this may be disregarded, because the day of labor in China is only just beginning and it will be a little while before it becomes clear that the reckoning is with native as well as with foreign capital.

It is mere blindness to dismiss these demands as the result of the temporary domination of responsible Chinese interests by emotional schoolboys used by extremist politicians. This is the point of view of most of foreign commercial Shanghai from which the British and American Consulates generally take their cue. The demands really represent a cross-section of Chinese society. They express ideas which are moving merchants and educators as well as students. Also it must be remembered that in so far as they are the voice of the laborers and the students they represent the forces that are making the China of tomorrow. In their fundamental points—a change in the control of those portions of China which have passed into foreign administration and the alteration of the unequal treaties—they represent only a difference of degree. Where the merchants seek a share in the government of the International Settlement of which they pay most of the taxes, the students and workers would abolish the foreign government and create a new one. Where the students and workers would abolish extra-territoriality and abrogate the unequal treaties wholesale and at once, the educators—whose demands were formulated before either of the others and formed the original basis—seek to accomplish this result gradually.

It is evident that we have here a sufficient degree of concentration of various group interests to mark the forming of a national purpose. The secretary of the General Labor Union of Shanghai properly described the movement as "the arising of the national consciousness." It is significant that the demands which go into the general background of the situation were separated from those which expressed the need for a satisfaction for the shooting and the military occupation and may be described as a bill of rights—the basis for negotiation with the Powers. They might also be depicted as the initial draft of a declaration of independence which China is getting ready to make. In terms of general ideas, what China wants is justice, freedom and equality. These are principles of some historic significance to the Anglo-Saxon. They have come from him to the East in a new form. The question now is whether he can grant others what he has won for himself.

The facts regarding the shooting of the students seem to the Chinese so clear that the issue of justice is beyond discussion. Hence the students demanded punishment of the officials. Hence the National Associated Chamber of Commerce says:

The Chinese Chambers of Commerce at home and abroad, organized for promotion of the interests of the Chinese merchants at large, are now determined, unless the municipal authorities in Shanghai change their policy, *to sever economic relations with those nations which are held responsible for the killing and wounding of the students and laborers in Shanghai; and to sacrifice all our material interests for the righteous cause of securing justice and fair treatment for our compatriots.*

It was again because the issue of facts seemed to them beyond dispute that the Chinese failed to act in a united demand for an authoritative international investigation, which they regarded as an attempt to delay and evade the settlement. Had this inquiry been instituted at the beginning, the later serious aspects of the situation would have been avoided. Now the Chinese intellectual forces are concentrating on the demand for it. They say, "We will not withdraw nor abate our demands. We know the facts are on our side. We want to show them to the world."

Let it be repeated that this situation is not to be met with money or with bargaining. The diplomats might in time buy off the commercial interests, for there is of course much interlocking with foreign business and finance. But after that they have to reckon with labor, the force of tomorrow, and with the intellectuals—the real force of today. These have not yet found their constructive power, but no man in recent Chinese history has been able to survive their disapproval. When Yuan Shih-kai, the strong man of modern China, misled by his sons, tried to found another imperial dynasty, it was the pamphlet of a quiet scholar which sent his plans and his military control of the nation tumbling like a house of cards. What the diplomats are facing is

a movement for the restoration of Chinese sovereignty which has behind it the best brains of the nation. To try to meet this with the conventional attitude of bargaining is to succeed only in being ridiculous.

What the brains of China want, backed now by several hundred thousand organized and articulate workers, with millions more in the background who at present talk only in terms of that force which the diplomats now know better how to use, is control of their own country and equality of status with other nations. It is a great and proud people, long helpless under foreign aggression in a world they did not understand, that is now speaking its need to the world. That nation is developing a leadership which is trained in the thinking and the ways of the modern age. Baffled by the complexity of their situation they see one thing quite simply, that they must be rid of foreign interference and control as the condition of their own economic and political development. They have behind them forces which will not long be helpless. They are demanding that the stigma of inferiority which is intolerable to men and women of their capacity be removed, for it has become an iron which is burning their soul. If that demand be ignored, or the answer to it unduly delayed, the future of the world is not pleasant to contemplate.

At present the situation moves in a vicious circle. The West says, "We cannot give you equality of status because you have not a stable government and your courts are now subject to military control." The East says, "We cannot subdue our militarists nor develop a stable government because of foreign interference and control. We must be independent and equal in order to move." The Chinese point to the precedent of Germany and Russia and ask if their nationals have suffered since they gave up the rights of extra-territoriality. They recall that when foreign gunboats landed marines at Canton a couple of years since to protect their citizens the Chinese government sent special troops to protect Germans and Russians. They proudly point to the fact that in all the excitement of recent weeks, despite the provocation, no foreign life for which Chinese authorities have been responsible has yet been lost. They ask if foreign law and order can say as much for itself. But in such a situation argument is fruitless. On the other side there is also a psychological factor complicating the situation. It is the fear of the vast property interests at stake. Let it be clearly understood that the missionary interests do not need the protection of extra-territoriality. It is commerce and industry that are jealous of their privileges; yet these interests might learn a lesson from the missionaries whom so many of their people despise. They might learn that coöperation with the Chinese on the basis of equality of status was the way to a larger development and more lasting benefits on both sides. The crystallization of the need of China by this

Shanghai situation has created a need for a gesture from the West, a gesture which might cut the vicious circle and release those powers of national control in China which are now inhibited. The gesture that is needed is recognition before the world of the equal status of China in the family of nations and the guarantee of constructive steps to work it out. For example, the use of the Western-trained Chinese capacity so largely assembled in the International Settlement of Shanghai to work out local self-government might provide just the model that

China needs and prove to be the start of constructive forces nationally. Will the United States make the gesture and follow it up with plans? Or will she continue to deserve the judgment of one of China's prominent officials educated by American money in one of our greatest universities: "America takes a friendly attitude toward China but she does not scruple to benefit from the unequal treaties and she makes no strenuous effort to right them."

HARRY F. WARD.

The Tragedy of Waste*

IV. The Waste of Natural Resources

WEALTH, in the terms of immemorial economic usage, is derived from labor applied to land. Nearly everything except personal service which we consume is the result of raw material fashioned and shaped by human energy, or by machines which human energy has created. We have seen in the foregoing articles something of the waste of energy. It remains to inquire into the waste of land—land in the broad economic sense of all natural resources: minerals in the ground; forest and animal life above the ground; fish in the seas; soils; streams.

What we do here is but to run a rough chain and compass line over the findings of the conservation movement—a movement still a living force, but somehow strangely shrunk from the great days when Roosevelt was its King Arthur, and Pinchot its Lancelot. That high adventure into waste has had its enduring results, lances have been shattered and foemen unhorsed; but on the whole the embattled front of sturdy individualism has not been broken. One lumber king or one coal baron is still good for any ten conservationists. The day of the pioneer may have passed its noon, but it still runs strong.

It is not difficult to draw a heart-rending picture of the despoliation of a continent. The rape has been colossal and unparalleled in history. More difficult is the attempt to appraise the real economics involved, for, on analysis, the simple dramatic sequence breaks down into many baffling and confusing parts. If an Industrial General Staff had been written into the American Constitution with power to control natural resources in the public interest, enormous wastes might have been averted, but the drive of the pioneers westward would have been altogether a different (and, one fears, a tamer) phenomenon. It is doubtful if the arts of invention would have progressed so rapidly. The

prospector, the speculator, the plunger, and the stark individualist have been woven into the whole fabric of the American cloth. Furthermore, the history of the material conquest of America largely parallels the history of every other rich and virgin area—Canada, Australia, South Africa. The momentum of such a conquest is impossible without waste—enormous waste—and it may be that the philosophy which has been applied to standardization in general is roughly applicable here. Free experimentation, proliferation, trial and error; then as the stable forms emerge from chaos, order and standards. But somewhere this mad dance of destruction must abate.

So far as human energy is concerned, it is probable that "skimming the cream" from coal and timber and oil has taken rather less effort to date than would have been required had Conservation been inaugurated with the Constitution. We have, here and there, actually saved some man-power by wasting raw material. This is a policy, however, which has its distinct limitations, and builds up meanwhile, as we shall see, an ever more serious bill of damages against the labor power of the future.

Of course, it is conceivable that tomorrow or next day some new invention may revolutionize the whole case against waste in this category. If we could suddenly get unlimited cheap power out of the winds or out of the tides, the tears shed for devastated deposits of coal, oil and natural gas would be largely maudlin ones—though the problem of by-products other than power would still remain. Similarly, cheap nitrogen from the air would cause us to forget the ravages of the soil. Just what are we to do for timber, however. . . ? Invention, we are ready to admit, may knock the bottom out of much of the case for wasted raw materials—but such inventions are still in the womb of time, and to date the indictment stands.

There seems to be a fairly clean-cut distinction between those natural resources, which, once used, are gone forever; and those which may be revived through more careful methods of exploitation. In

* This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Chase. In greatly expanded form, they will appear as part of the material in his book, to be published under the same title by the Macmillan Company, New York, this fall.

the first class fall such inorganic substances as coal, oil, natural gas, mineral deposits, marble quarries, and so forth; in the second, organic substances like forests, crop handling, fur-bearing animals, fisheries, and the like. Water power stands somewhat in a class by itself; it is a potential resource, the technique for whose development is fully known, and waste arises because this technique is not applied.

"The world has used more of its mineral resources in the last 21 years than in all preceding history. The per capita consumption of minerals has increased seven-fold since 1900." While we have not mined 2 percent of our original supply of coal in the United States, we have exhausted 33 percent of our highgrade beds. There are only limited reserves of low volatile smokeless coals, and high volatile gas coals are being rapidly exhausted. We have huge reserves of iron ores, but the high grade deposits "have the possibility of being exhausted at a comparatively early date." It is probable that if "business were to catch its stride through the whole world, and normal advances were to be made, we would see the practical end of copper mining in the United States within the present generation." Of oil, there remains in the ground (in 1921) about 9,000,000,000 barrels, or "only enough to satisfy our present requirements for 20 years." Meanwhile requirements, particularly for motor trucks, oil-burning ships, and aeroplanes, are on the increase. We have exhausted more of our oil reserves since August, 1914, than in all previous years! The peak of natural gas production has been passed, the supply diminishes, and so the chapter of this "wonder fuel" draws to its close. Thus Floyd W. Parsons, editor of the *Gas Age Record*, sums up the situation in respect to the major inorganic natural resources. Messrs. Gilbert and Pogue are equally explicit:

For every ton of coal produced, our methods of mining have placed a second ton beyond recovery; for every 1,000 feet of natural gas turned out, a similar quantity has escaped (into the air); for every barrel of petroleum that has seen useful service, nine barrels have been wasted . . . our best and most convenient coals will be depleted in a few decades, half our petroleum is already used up, and over half our natural gas is gone.

Anthracite, or hard coal, need not detain us. These beds are a younger branch of the coal family, and time has not saturated them with the oils and the tars, the gases and the chemicals which give soft coal its peculiar value. Furthermore, the anthracite monopoly, however much it may have wasted the householder's money in high prices, has organized the engineering of the industry along reasonably efficient lines.

The total production of soft coal in the United States runs around 550,000,000 tons a year. No monopoly governs it; the winds of free competition

blow through it; and it is, in the words of C. E. Leshner, "as unorganized as the retail grocery business." To mine the tonnage takes the labor of 600,000 men, but these are idle, on the average, one-third of every year. One mine in every three should never have been opened; the industry has a tonnage capacity from 30 to 40 percent in excess of annual coal requirements. Of the tonnage produced, approximately 60,000,000 tons goes to the making of coke and other by-products; 150,000,000 tons is used by the railroads to drive their engines; 50,000,000 tons is used for power generation in public utility plants, while the balance goes into power and heat for factories, and into house heating.

There are three main sources of preventible tonnage loss:

1. Bad technical methods underground.
2. Bad technical methods in steam raising and heating.
3. Failure to link the coal and water-power into regional super-power systems.

And perhaps even more serious still is the failure to salvage by-products. Untold riches in fertilizers, dyestuffs and chemicals are allowed to go up in smoke—their only function to increase the ugliness and laundry bills of our cities. The smoke nuisance is thus a knife with a double edge: we waste power, heat, and by-products in order to waste comfort, beauty and cleanliness.

Mr. Hugh Archbald, after long experience as a mining engineer, concludes that for every ton of coal brought to the surface, another ton is needlessly left in the mine; and that—if the technical arts of mining were fully utilized—one man, with no more effort, could do the work of four. Generally speaking, the underground layout is unplanned. A small mine has as many roads and turnings as a city of 25,000 people. Any industrial engineer can foretell the result of work so hopelessly unplanned. Slight supervision, loose organization, poor morale, mean tremendous inefficiency in winning the coal—the whole made worse by periodic layoffs and shutdowns. Meanwhile the accident rate per ton is three times the British rate, and hardly a month goes by without its mining holocaust.

The governing policy of working the big seams—"skimming the cream"—destroys the thinner seams in the process. Gilbert and Pogue conclude: "The tonnage of thin-seam and high-cost areas sacrificed in the process amounts to more than half the total coal produced to date."

Floyd W. Parsons tells of the 500 competing companies in the Central Pennsylvania fields, "when in the interests of efficiency, not over ten to fifteen companies—with central power and pumping stations—should be operating in large units."

George Otis Smith of the Geological Survey, after an exhaustive quantitative study of the exist-

ing coal reserve, concludes that the tonnage remaining in the great producing fields of the East is "so limited as to compel us to foresee their exhaustion." The Pittsburgh bed in Pennsylvania was thought good for thirty generations. It will probably last only a single generation. The "Big Vein" in Georges Creek, Maryland, was thought good for 150 years. It is almost worked out. There is coal of sorts in the ground for hundreds of years to come—but unfortunately coal, like laundry work, is not all of one grade; there is good coal and bad coal.

Due to the wastefulness of steam-making, only 4 percent of the original ton is finally utilized. The combined losses aggregate 96 percent. Messrs. Huntington and Williams observe:

The waste of coal is so enormous that where one horse-power or its equivalent in heat is really used, the consumption or waste of coal underground, on the railroads, and in the furnaces, is estimated as enough to furnish at least twenty horse-power and perhaps more! Part of this is inevitable, but certainly it might be cut in half.

George Otis Smith finds that the average steam plant uses eight times as much coal per unit of power generated as does the most efficient plant. That is if the most efficient plant be given a score of 100 percent, the average plant operates in the neighborhood of 12½ percent effectiveness. The United States Fuel Administration pointed out in 1918 that 25 percent of all coal was lost through bad firing methods.

But power is not the only use for coal. In four minutes Henry Ford converts a ton of bituminous into 8,000 cubic feet of gas, 10 gallons of gasoline, 20 pounds of ammonium sulphate, 30 gallons of crude light tar, 3 gallons of creosote oil, 2 gallons of crude lubricating oil, 10 pounds of grease. And he has left 1,500 pounds of coke—either for steel making or for the finest kind of smokeless fuel. His coal costs him \$5 a ton delivered; the market value of the above products is \$13.56. Altogether there are upwards of a thousand different products to be secured by the destructive distillation of coal. Present methods waste most of them.

On the basis of a 500,000,000 ton output, Gilbert and Pogue conclude that current technical knowledge is available to *double* the number of horse-power now released, and to give the nation in addition 5,000,000 tons of ammonium sulphate (a splendid fertilizer); 1,000,000,000 gallons of benzol (a motor fuel as good as gasoline); 4,000,000,000 gallons of tar, as well as the requisite amount of coke for steel making.

If every drop of the annual rainfall could be converted into electrical energy, the total would just about equal the present consumption of energy derived from coal in the United States. Obviously only a fraction of the rainfall can be so converted

through the power of falling water in streams, and thus we have to face the plain fact that "white coal"—water-power—can never act as a complete substitute for coal energy. What water-power can do is to diminish the annual amount of coal needed, and thus lengthen the life, and help to preserve the by-products, of the coal beds. Nature has favored this country, in that "regions distant from sources of coal are all bountifully favored with water-power." This "balanced occurrence" is susceptible to the working out of great economies in the production and distribution of energy.

Scarcely 15 percent of the water-power readily available has been developed to date; and only 7 percent of that available, if storage reservoirs were introduced. From 80 to 90 percent of the horse-power to be freely taken from falling streams thus runs to waste. Why? Because it has been cheaper to skim the cream from coal and oil, with their relatively smaller capital cost per unit of horse-power.

Water-power may be introduced at isolated points into the industrial system to some advantage, but the great potentiality of the savings to be made from it are only realized through the coördinated planning of super-power systems where coal is locked in with water-power. "Giant-power" is one of the bravest and most exhilarating glimpses of Utopia which engineers and scientists have ever drawn. It not only saves coal and oil; it electrifies the railroads, lightens the traffic burden, abolishes smoke and soot and grime, runs cheap power to the farm and the country town, makes—as Ford makes—for industrial decentralization, for less congestion in the cities, for more life and vigor in the country. One's eye follows the sweep of the great high voltage lines as they charge the hill and dip to the valley—straight and true and infinitely powerful—and for an instant one glimpses the end of meanness, poverty, disorder; a world set free!

The potential horse-power to be readily derived from water in the whole United States is 60,000,000 and, as we have seen, only about 15 percent—or some 10,000,000—have been developed to date. Every additional horse-power saves ten tons of coal, and releases \$100 worth of coal-carrying railroad equipment. Mr. F. T. Baum in his *Super-Power Atlas* has proposed that the country be divided into twelve super-power districts, connected by 220,000 volt transmission lines, power to be drawn from water and coal jointly on the balanced load basis—coal converted into energy at great central stations as near the mine as possible. He estimates that such a system would save 200,000,000 tons of coal a year; take 25 percent of all traffic from the railroads; rid the country of smoke; and release not less than 500,000 men from the mines, railroads, and other industries to function in more directly productive pursuits. Initially, of course, the labor so saved would have to go largely into building the dams and the transmission lines for the

new system. In the end it would all be pure gain.

Under the spur of private initiative, hopes such as these tend to falter and die. No private capitalist or group of capitalists has the resources to engineer the project. It is the sort of thing which only the whole community—the functional society—may attempt. It has been so attempted in Ontario, and it has worked. Super-power in Ontario cuts energy cost to about one quarter the private company rate.

Apart from by-products, what is the approximate waste in tons of coal mined per year? We have been assured that for every ton taken out of the shaft another ton is left unreclaimable below ground. If 500,000,000 tons are taken out in the year, it follows that 500,000,000 tons are annually lost in the underground workings. Of the 500,000,000 taken out, ineffective utilization wastes at least half. Gilbert and Pogue, for instance, have assured us that the energy content could be doubled. From which it follows that 250,000,000 tons more is wasted by reason of bad methods above ground. Granting Mr. Baum's super-power zones, a material addition might be made to this figure, but saving such addition as a margin of safety, it would appear that, in terms of the natural resource alone, the annual bill of loss is some 750,000,000 tons. And to this we must add the tremendous tonnage of unreclaimed by-products—ammonium sulphate, gas, tar, dyestuffs and chemicals. Is it to be wondered that Mr. Hoover has termed coal the "worst-functioning industry in the country"?

Petroleum, like coal, possesses a hideously wasteful technique for getting the product out of the ground, but unlike coal, its utilization, once it gets to the pipe line is, broadly speaking, reasonably efficient. From the pipe line on, standardization has set in, the pioneer has been barred, and the Standard Oil Company and its allies take charge of the job. There are wastes due to preventible evaporation, and wastes in securing a high gasoline content in refining, but as compared with by-product wastes in coal these losses sink into insignificance. What petroleum gains in this field, however, is quite gorgeously made up for in winning oil from the ground. For every ton of coal produced, another ton is needlessly left in the mine; for every barrel of oil produced three barrels or more are left underground, or wasted in well operation.

The engineer has worked out the technique for wasteless oil production, but beyond a few selected companies nobody pays any attention to him. "With the aid of geological methods, the development of petroleum fields may be changed from a gambling venture to an exact science. Instead of representing the most uncertain venture in the world, oil production can now be made as definitely an engineering project as the mining of a clay bank."

Petroleum collects in great underground pools. Over the top of the pool gathers gas—valuable gas

for two reasons: it has in it many of the properties of the oil itself; and only by its pressure downward on the surface of the pool may all the oil in the pool be pumped and driven above ground. Now the pool and the gas over it form a geological unit. To be efficiently exploited it must be treated as a unit. One engineering control should govern it, allowing only enough wells—reasonably spaced—to give the most effective outlet for the oil. Care must be taken to save the gas below in order to help the oil upstairs. Gushers must be resolutely choked; seepage and water infiltration must be guarded against; in brief, the known technical arts applied, and the job done aright. In this way it is possible for nearly all the oil in the pool to reach the pipe line—and in no other way is it possible.

No such procedure takes place under the American plan. A strike is made, land is staked out, lots are bought, and feverish drilling commences. There may be ten times as many wells as the pool can efficiently support, and the wells may be placed with no consideration for efficient exploitation. Gas is not controlled; seepage is not controlled; incoming water is not controlled; gushers are not controlled—nothing is controlled but the property lines around the lots. The owner drills as many wells as he can, as fast as he can, and preferably along the next owner's boundary line, in order to get the lion's share of the pool's activity. Thus the pioneer, with his stark individualism and his property laws which will not work with geological units, has succeeded in throwing away three barrels of oil out of four. While the engineer, who handles geological units with geological laws, could save the whole four barrels. As a result of our methods, about half the underground supply of petroleum in America is gone forever, and the balance, at present rates of demand, is estimated to last only from 13 to 20 years.

The total waste of the pioneer in the speculative production of oil will run at least three times the oil produced to date. The total output has been 54 barrels for every man, woman and child in the country today. Three times this is 162 barrels per capita thrown away—or over 16,000,000,000 barrels. If this 16,000,000,000 barrels were still underground, instead of a 13 years' future supply (more or less), we should be assured of at least a 50 years' supply. Natural gas is the history of oil over again.

The waste of an organic natural resource is not so serious in the long run as that of a mineral one. Organic things will grow again if nurtured and given time. Though our forests are devastated, a constructive policy might some day bring the forests back—save only on those areas where flood and fire have carried away the underlying soil. Animal life may be revived, fisheries restocked, soils refertilized. The pioneer has perhaps more justification in this field than in that of coal and oil, but the capital

cost of regrowing and restocking will ultimately be enormous. A conservation policy inaugurated even a generation ago would have done much to save the current supply, and reduce the future capital cost.

When the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock there were some 800,000,000 acres of virgin forest land in the country. There remain today 138,000,000 acres. In addition there are 114,000,000 acres in second growth, saw timber size, 136,000,000 acres in second growth, cord-wood size, and 81,000,000 acres of original forest land on which nothing is growing. If there were no growth, our forests would be wiped out in about 30 years. And the annual growth does not help much. On the present stand it runs about 6,000,000,000 cubic feet a year—*less than one-fourth of the annual drain*. It is estimated that over 300,000,000 acres of the cut-over land is unsuitable for farming, and is not producing healthy second growth because of the reckless methods employed in the original exploitation. There are 81,000,000 acres—or about 10 percent of the original stand—devasted by soil erosion and fire on which nothing of value is growing or is likely to grow—an area equal to the combined forest lands of France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal.

Lumbering methods have played into the hands of forest fires—magnificently. In the five years from 1916 to 1920, there were 160,000 reported fires which burned over 56,000,000 acres of land, destroying \$86,000,000 worth of timber, while the damage to the nitrogenous humus of the soil was probably even greater.

The United States uses on the average 28 pounds of fertilizer per acre. Europe uses 200 pounds. This policy of starving the soil could be maintained so long as there were still new fields into which the pioneers might flow. Irrigation has stretched the margin somewhat. Edwin E. Slosson shows that we are still robbing the soil of a virgin continent, but that the process cannot go on much longer. Meanwhile the beehive coke ovens, as we have seen, release 700,000 tons of ammonium salts into the air each year—enough, in the opinion of Slosson, “to keep our land rich.”

The effect of bird life on insect pests has long been known, but scientific application has too often been lacking. Grasshoppers, caterpillars, moths, beetles—the farmer’s deadliest enemies—can be better held in check by birds than by any known human contrivance. A flock of Franklin gulls will clear a large alfalfa field of grasshoppers in a day. Yet birds have been snared, shot and butchered in region after region.

The Secretary of Commerce in his annual report for 1924 comments upon pioneering methods in coastal fisheries. “The conservation of coastal fisheries is a matter of the utmost national importance. Many are threatened with extinction.” The great runs of salmon on the Atlantic coast have long

since disappeared as a food supply, and salmon on the Pacific were doomed until the Department of Commerce recently called a halt in their destruction. Sturgeon fisheries of the Great Lakes have declined 98 percent in forty years, and the sturgeon has almost disappeared from the Atlantic coast. Since 1835 the annual catch of shad in the Potomac has dropped from 22,000,000 to 600,000. In ten years the crab fisheries of the Chesapeake and Delaware Rivers have been cut in half. “Our lobster catch is less than one-third of what it was thirty years ago.” We can take no quantitative toll of the waste in organic resources other than lumber, but these few references are perhaps enough to indicate the gravity of the loss.

In coal, oil, natural gas and lumber, we have already pointed out the values in raw materials which are lost through failure to extract by-products. These are by no means the only cases. Whenever material of any sort is burned or thrown away, with it goes a certain number of chemical elements—oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur—in various chemical combinations, which may or may not be valuable, but which are always suspect until the chemist has reviewed them. Even homely garbage has been found to reek with riches if capital enough can be put into its renovation. It does not pay, of course, to save all—perhaps most—discarded material. But it pays more now than it did a generation ago, and the process is accelerating. The Germans have brought it to a fine art. The invariable question to be answered is whether the salvage is worth the cost of conversion. The trouble is that while *no* must often be the individual manufacturer’s answer because he cannot finance large scale renovation, the answer of the whole community is often *yes*.

We may recognize three sorts of waste in this field—the field, by the way, in which the whole modern philosophy of waste had its rise. There is loss due to failure to utilize by-products proper; there is loss due to failure to use a reasonably high percentage of the main product in fabrication; there is loss due to air pollution and stream pollution in the disposal of discarded material. Each is serious.

Beyond the by-product wastes in the power industries noted earlier, we may point out the following. According to Professor H. E. Van Norman, president of the World’s Dairy Congress, for every pound of butter that we eat, *three* pounds of milk solids are produced which are highly valuable as human food. The bulk of this three pounds—save for a little buttermilk, skim milk powder, and feed for hogs and chickens—is thrown away. In 1921, of 4.3 billion pounds of milk solids going into the manufacture of butter and cheese, only 2.1 billion pounds were used for human food, or for casein.

“Our 6,000,000 ton crop of sugar contains some 12,000 tons of nitrogen, 4,000 tons of phosphoric acid and 18,000 tons of potash—all excellent fertilizers, and all lost in refining, except where waste

liquors are used in irrigating beet lands." On the whole, however, this "garbage pail" aspect of waste—despite its prominence in the public mind—is, in our eyes, a minor matter. Compared with such losses as spring from the military establishment, super-luxuries, unemployment, excess plant capacity, the retail store traffic, oil drilling, it is relatively speaking only a drop in the bucket.

More serious is stream and air pollution. Besides wasting materials, these practices put the public health in jeopardy. The Merrimac River from Manchester south is an open sewer, yet by nature one of the loveliest streams in New England. The pollution of the Ohio River by the tin plate industry is one of the worst examples in the country, and in the opinion of A. B. Jones, heating and ventilating engineer, it is all preventible.

The preceding figures and comments have all been drawn from recent surveys, many of them made in 1924. In this light it cannot be said that the Conservation movement, for all its brave promise, has much to show in net accomplishment for the generation since its birth. By and large, the pioneer and his methods remain the masters of the nation's ever declining store of natural resources.

STUART CHASE.

(The fifth, and last, of Mr. Chase's articles, entitled *The Challenge*, will appear next week.)

Peggy Bacon

TOUJOURS gai, what the hell!"

Life is amusing and exciting to Peggy Bacon. Exciting because, like the farm woman's rag bag, it supplies her with a quantity of gay bits of stuff that she can weave together into patterns of her own. Her eye is stimulated by a variety of objects, many in themselves ugly but capable of being fitted into an intricate design that becomes lovely in creation. Of the things generally recognized as beautiful, cats and flowers especially delight her. The litheness of limb that even an alley cat possesses, the bowing grace of lady slippers, the cool dignity of iris—these please, but do not satisfy her. She must take them in her hands, as it were, and rearrange them so that each shall bear such relation to the others or to its surroundings that perfection is approached. Peggy's mind recalls that of God during the first six days. She must bring order out of chaos by creation.

Life is amusing to Peggy because with infinite possibilities for achieving grace and loveliness it persists in being ugly. Human beings are ridiculous. *Toujours gai, what the hell!* It may be a sad state of affairs, but Peggy sees that it is also funny. She sees in a fashion entirely her own and best described elsewhere by her husband, Alexander Brook. "In looking through a back number of the *Geographic* some time ago, I became very much interested in an illustrated article on Fungi which I

showed Friend Peggy, but the only thing that held her attention was a color-plate of a puff-ball. Subsequently, in a railway train, and upon the removal of his hat by a plump, pink, and bald gentleman, Peggy fairly shouted in his ear: 'A puff-ball!'—drew a picture of the forementioned growth, added a couple of ears and incorporated (not to say incarcerated) him in her next dry-point. In fact a person never looks like a person to Peggy, but like something altogether different, though somehow similar. Her crowded plates are collections of humanized objects, viewed with the ruthless eye of an Olympian spitting contemptuously into the populous valley below." The "ruthless eye of an Olympian" has the vision granted those totally devoid of conventional sentimentality. A dance given by young artists might be imagined as a riot of grace and color. Peggy shows you a *mélange* of figures, the fat struggling to float along as on air, the stiff striving to unbend, the gawky straining after poetic grace. The Promenade Deck of a Hudson River day boat would, to a sentimental radical, reveal the rugged beauty of the working class. Fastidious Peggy sees thick men with fat black cigars, white-faced clerks with round shoulders, stenographers with cootie garages over each ear, shapeless mothers and flat-faced children. How absurd we all are, says Peggy, including most unflattering portraits of herself and husband sketching from steamer chairs!

Peggy's story is like the annals of the poor, for she is not yet thirty. Born in Connecticut, she came to New York after the death of her father, Charles R. Bacon, the artist, and entered the Art Student's League. To the delight of two of her instructors, George Bellows and John Sloan, she satirized their classes in amusing dry-points. Meanwhile she continued a habit that had been hers from childhood, that of making rhymes and stories which she illustrated herself. The *True Philosopher* and other Cat-tails was published in Boston in 1919. Belinda (with Alexander Brook) was brought out in London the following year. The dry-points began to appear in 1918.

There is a decided literary quality about these prints that form Peggy's best known work. Almost all of them tell a story. Nearly all of them illustrate her theme that human-kind is absurd. But however sophisticated, even hard, her point of view, however ugly the grotesque humans and tawdry objects of her plates may be, the whole often approaches the pure beauty of unity and design. Teasing the Cat includes eleven of the most awkward children imaginable, angular as the branches of the bare tree, to which clings the tormented puss, but the plate creates the happiest sort of pattern, carefully designed as a Chinese rug. Throughout the prints the story element persists, the satirical comment is rarely omitted, but sometimes these slip into the background. The *Seamstress* shows a clumsy girl of incredible stolidity, being fitted by an earnest old

woman of mountainous proportions. Both women are homely. But the line that knits them together, caressing their awkward curves and sack-like clothes, creates sheer beauty. Peggy practiced the making of patterns, the flexibility of her line, on her dry-points before moving on.

Peggy Bacon's latest work was recently shown at an exhibition at the Montross Gallery of New York. She still finds life amusing, but it is now even more exciting. She has discovered her power to do something with this ludicrous, haphazard world. Summer time, a delicate pencil drawing, incorporates nearly all the elements of life that Peggy most enjoys. A wooden cottage, carefully spaced under trees and clouds, forms the major portion of the design. Then one moves closer to enjoy the detail as one would with a Persian miniature. Through the north light that opens up nearly the whole side of the house one sees a nude model sprawling grotesquely on a stand while an intent and scowling artist works nearby, palette in hand. Below the window in a flower bed, lies a basket full of kittens. The mother cat trots towards them around the corner of the house, a fierce expression on her face, a bird in her jaws. There are a few rows of corn growing to the right and a most decorative patch of watermelons. Flowers blossom everywhere with a charming disregard of horticultural seasonableness or proximity—sunflowers and jack-in-the-pulpits, lupines and pansies, black-eyed susans and hydrangeas. But the pattern they make! The careful, exact, loving delineation of each one! In even so frail and tenuous a medium as pencil, that drawing has quality—comedy and ordered beauty.

Nor has Peggy forgotten that people often resemble animals or objects. The Self-Portrait in charcoal shows a graceful cat, paws demurely folded, with a sharp-nosed, chinless profile absurdly caricaturing Peggy's own. Aunt Nellie, black as the ebon of cross word puzzles and solid as a mediæval fortress, might easily pose for a gargoyle. But Peggy has created her in pen and ink, as firm, as real a character, with more weight and body to her—with more volume as artists say—than any other of her figure drawings.

Tea illustrates Peggy's inclusion in the Nottingham Dada school. Tea is about to be drunk by two angular maiden ladies in a room of the richest mid-Victorian splendor. What fun Peggy had with the Nottingham lace curtains looped back on those glass knobs now selling for such high prices in decorators' shops—with the chandelier, the framed mirror, the curly-legged table, with the good ladies themselves with their dust-collecting skirts and genteelly small waists. Each quaint and cumbering detail tickles the artist and she laughs as she sets it down with painstaking care.

Laughter, according to Bergson, is a safety valve, a release. At the moment of laughter there is room for no other emotion. Pity and fear melt before it, allowing a moment of objectivity. Perhaps that

explains the "toujours gai" of the younger generation of the artists—for Peggy is not alone in her laughter these days. It may be reaction from the subjectivity of their immediate forebears—reaction after their own young years crowded with war. This new generation grew up on the solemn artisticism of the early nineteenth century. They absorbed cubism, futurism, vorticism with their Mellin's food. They do not therefore waste time in quarrels over style and technique. They pick and choose what they want from the past for their own purposes and let the rest slide. They pick and choose subject matter from the ludicrous collection of objects that life and the late Victorian era offer them. Nottingham Dadas—in subject indeed! But the serious problem arises when they face, not life itself, but that copper plate, that square of canvas, that bit of Whatman paper. On such frail things they have a responsibility for creating order. Peggy is one of the signs of the times that makes us hope—hope that from this frivolous attitude towards life and from this serious attitude towards their share of it young artists will create an ordered, patterned beauty. Life seen objectively, seen with the sense of proportion and perspective that laughter brings. *Toujours gai, what the hell!*

E. BUCKNER KIRK.

Washington Notes

WITH the Belgian Commission already in this city and the French Commission due here early in September the little matter of our foreign debts promises to absorb administration attention for the next three months.

By administration attention I do not mean Mr. Coolidge's attention, because Mr. Coolidge will actually know extremely little about the negotiations and have extremely little to say about the final agreement reached, if any. The men who know most about the foreign debt situation and who will handle the negotiations are Mr. Hoover, Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Mellon. Their relative knowledge and ability to deal with the subject is exactly in the order in which they have here been named. They constitute the Debt Funding Commission, and the theory is that they will advise with and be advised by the President. The fact is that they will do neither.

Nor is that in the least discreditable to the President. The men he relies upon in this matter know more about it and are better qualified to handle it than he. He personally makes no pretense that the situation is other than it is. The pretense is made by the administration organs which editorially and in their news dispatches from here continually attribute to Mr. Coolidge a part in these negotiations which he is not playing, and a knowledge of the details which he does not possess. The fact is that Mr. Coolidge from the start has had but one idea concerning the foreign debts—namely, that they ought to be paid. These nations on the other side owe us a lot of money, and they ought to begin paying us. That has been his sole thought in the matter, and remains his sole thought. It fits in with his economy program and his tax reduction program. It also fits in with his New England nature and the

habits of a lifetime. He comes from a stock of close collectors, and the idea of either individuals or nations not paying their debts is repugnant to him. The cancellation idea has certainly never crossed the Presidential mind as an even remote possibility. His feelings in this matter are somewhat the same as those of Senator Smoot, who pretty nearly worried himself into a nervous collapse over the failure of France to move in the debt matter.

It is not much of a secret to those in close touch with the White House situation that Mr. Coolidge's economics—not his economies—come largely from Mr. Hoover, and I am told there was a noticeable fattening of the Presidential views on a number of questions following the brief visit to Swampscott of the Secretary of Commerce a couple of weeks ago. However, it was not Mr. Hoover who planted the story that went out from White Court of the Presidential purpose to make railroad consolidation one of the major administration policies in the coming session of Congress. No, it was not Hoover from whom that came, but it is not the most difficult matter in the world to guess its source at that. Undoubtedly it is the most interesting idea that has been advanced in a good many months, and the astonishing thing is that so little was made of it after the first blast. It was declared in the authorized versions that Mr. Coolidge hoped to induce the railroads of the country voluntarily to embrace the consolidation idea rather than be compelled to advocate compulsory legislation to bring about the consolidation.

Of course the bald fact is that this move came from the railroads themselves. Even the most superficial study of Mr. Coolidge's career should be sufficient to convince any unbiased person that as radical a suggestion as consolidation would not be entertained by him unless it were first vouched for by the big business interests upon whose welfare he believes the welfare of the country depends. That is exactly what happened in this case. For much more than a year the more farseeing among the railroad executives, as well as the big banking interests behind them, have been swinging fast toward the consolidation idea. Not a few of them have been for a long while open advocates of it. They see in the amalgamation of the roads into a few great groups the really logical and essential step. Some time or other it is bound to come anyhow because it is the inevitable economic tendency. Under the present administration such consolidation could be effected far more easily and with less troublesome conditions than under any administration we have had in the past or any we are likely to have in the future.

Moreover, consolidation will not only help the railroads themselves but it will serve to put off indefinitely any attempt to lower rates and amend the present railroad law. If managed properly the sort of consolidation the roads are really anxious for could be brought about and at the same time they could be insured against agitation and attack for years to come. Consolidation is put out as a Coolidge policy because if it came openly from its real source its success in Congress would be endangered. It will be interesting to see the further moves made in this direction. The more candid among the railroad presidents make no bones about their expectation that the proposal will occupy Congressional attention, exclusive of any other railroad matters, for the entire life of the incoming Congress. The roads are not only prepared for consolidation but anxious for it. It will be a complete insurance policy against any

other form of "tinkering." It means they will be let alone for another considerable period.

But to get back to the foreign debts—the program as promulgated by the administration is that definite proposals will be obtained from both Belgium and France for submission to Congress when it meets in December. If such proves to be the case I for one shall be agreeably surprised. Notwithstanding the presence of the Belgian Commission here and the coming of the French, and notwithstanding the optimistic predictions of some of our leading administration spokesmen, I have not been able to rid myself of scepticism concerning the entire business. My private conviction still remains that the terms of the settlements as finally agreed upon will look fairly good on the surface but be almost wholly unproductive of actual cash. Moreover, some of those in the very best position to form a clear judgment quite agree with me in this conclusion. These point out that what the French and the Belgians are really doing is going through the motions of settling up and that they have been compelled to do so by powerful pressure from two directions—one from the bankers on this side who are in no position to make further private loans to the debtor nations until some form of settlement has been agreed upon, and the other from the bankers in their own country who recognize that the stabilization of their currency cannot be effected until some form of settlement is made.

However, public sentiment in France and Belgium is so overwhelmingly strong against paying us at all that any government which obligated itself to give us real money would certainly be swept out of power. The most popular thing these visiting commissions could possibly do would be to effect a settlement that on paper seemed all right but which they could explain to their people back home as really meaning nothing in actual burden or taxes—in other words, satisfy us and save their faces but in reality give us nothing. Notwithstanding the astuteness of the Hoover-Mellon-Kellogg combination, my feeling is that these foreign friends who will be with us here in Washington this fall will come pretty close to doing just that.

A more perfectly futile thing than the recent blatant blasts of Chairman Oldfield of the Democratic Congressional Committee is hard to imagine. It is really absurd how completely lacking Democrats of the organization type can be in their appreciation of the timeliness of their tirades. Here is Mr. Oldfield starting out through the West on a speech-making tour that will carry him as far as Minneapolis, declaring that "this administration and Republican doctrines are becoming more unpopular every day" and that "the West is ripe for a great Democratic movement." This of course is complete balderdash and it comes at a time and under conditions when every voter who reads it must recognize it as such. Not only is the West not ripe for a Democratic movement, but this administration and Republican doctrines were never more popular, and Democratic doctrines and prospects never flatter. Every politician more intelligent than a kitten knows these basic facts. If instead of tearing over the country uttering such manifest absurdities as have appeared in print as coming from him, Mr. Oldfield would devote his time to gathering facts and figures to enable Democrats in the next Congress to shoot holes through the monstrous humbug the Republican administration has constructed out of "Coolidge economy," he might perhaps perform a service.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Shower-Bath Ballads

THE boatmen of Italy, a distinguished eighteenth century traveler records, used to recite verses of the Divine Comedy to the stroke of their oars, and it was perhaps this that Yeats had in mind when he predicted a similar fate for the poems of Rabindranath Tagore. Nowadays along the Arno you hear either *O Sole Mio* or belated ragtime, and the gondoliers in Venice automatically take you to the song-barges from which issue *Napoli*, *Mamma Mia*, and the polite young man or woman who collects lire from the assembly. If the Italians know Dante, they are fairly sure that their visitors do not. One is convinced that after the foreigners have gone, the Italians break into folk song.

But what do we, a nation which is not a folk, sing? The Barber Shop Ballads* collected by Dr. Spaeth is the least contentious of books, but it cannot help claiming that *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*, *Sweet Adeline*, *Down Mobile*, and the *Stein Song* from *The Prince of Pilsen*, are among the "folk songs" of America. I am aware of the strict objections, but I would permit the phrase, so long as no claim is put forth that these songs and their similars are the only folk music we have. To pedants there is but one word more sacred than "art," and that is "folk." For folk songs they invoke a mysteriously spontaneous origin, a traditional association with the land, and a quality expressive of the people that sing them.

One thing must be conceded to the pedants: a song must be familiar to a great multitude of people for a long period of time before it can be actually a folk song. Familiar in the mouths of people, that is, and not only in their ears. This eliminates, so far, *The End of a Perfect Day*, and if we have another two or three wars in quick succession, may admit *Tipperary*, which has all the raw material of a folk song. The standard certainly admits *Frankie and Johnny*, which, in spite of the fact that intellectuals are accused of "discovering" it, seems to be a popular song of ancient and mysterious origin (said to be the Barbary Coast, the reputed home of jazz itself). Certainly the loose criterion I have suggested will pass all of Dr. Spaeth's songs as "folk."

But this is only a makeshift conclusion, and analysis of our folk songs will show why. The group gathered in this volume is representative: it includes, among others, *Love Me and the World is Mine*, *Good Night Ladies*, *In the Evening*, and *I've Been Working on the Railroad*; essentially they are all sentimental songs, rather than songs of sentiment. (The distinction is instantly clear in contrasting the Old Heidelberg song-sentimentality, with the almost equally famous drinking song of sentiment, *Hovey's Give a Rouse Then in the Maytime*.) The words, as far as they are important, and they often are not, are the lyrics of sloppy songs; and—this is the prime argument against these songs as folk music—the words are generally sung by at least a part of our vocal population with ironic intent. They are jokes, and *Over the Hills and Far Away* and *Sur le Pont d'Avignon* and *The Scarlet Sarafan* are not jokes. To some people, *My Bonnie* is an adequate expression of the emotions following on bereavement or separation; to some, *Love Me and the World Is Mine* is not an exaggerated statement of adoration; to others, these and

the other popular songs are either inadequate or bombastic. Whereas the true folk song cannot be treated with either levity or irony, because it is true.

Musically these, like true folk songs, are simple. The time is usually 4/4, the intervals of the melody not difficult. These qualities and the regularity of the beat, or accent, one finds also in old folk songs and in church hymns; the special sentimental quality of the barber shop ballads is in the lushness of the melody. The emotion conveyed is almost always slight.

The contrast with two extremes—the negro spiritual and jazz—is inevitable. I have just been reading the fascinating collection of negro songs made by Odum and Johnson (it is published by the press of the University of North Carolina). *Stagolee* and *Railroad Bill* are obvious parallels to *Frankie and Johnny* and *Casey Jones*; but all the songs, religious, social, and work songs, strike me with the incorruptible purity, the actual simplicity of the language. The music has emotion. And there is little sentimentality in *Farewell*, a theme not exactly hostile to gush:

My love for you is all I knew.
My love for you is all I knew.
My love for you is all I knew.
Hope I will see you again.

Farewell, my darling, farewell.
Farewell, my darling, farewell.
Farewell, my darling, farewell.
Hope I will see you again.

The temptation to be jocose about songs like these is not great.

The commonness and vulgarity of the words of our ragtime are an old reproach; on that side, and on the side of their soft ballad sentiment, they are related to the close-harmony favorites. But musically there is this in favor of jazz: it has emotion. Of a trivial sort, perhaps, wofully impermanent, but breathless, at the moment, with intensity. It is communicated at least as much by the rhythm as by the melody, and this insistence upon rhythmic effects may make it equally impossible for jazz to give us either folk song or grand opera; but it does not debar jazz from giving us, eventually, a national ballet and a national music.

The songs we sang in the glorious autumnal weather of 1903, the great optimistic era of Roosevelt seem a little outmoded now. The change of pace since then corresponds to a change in national psychology, and we have never had a real feeling of reverence for things which are old; we discard rather than cherish the past. We sing old songs as we read over our high school textbooks; it is an antiquarian, not even a historical, interest. The actuality we crave is in tomorrow's newspaper, timed with mechanical precision to the rhythm of tomorrow's jazz. And this feeling of shifting ground, of ceaseless change, may be the reason why we are not ever to create a folk song in the European sense. Since every genuine manifestation of popular art is valuable, that is a pity; but it does not mean that America is to remain for ever and entirely without an adequate expression of its nature. It is possible that that expression will be found in some other art than music (or literature); and even possible that outside the canon of the seven arts there may be, like a ray in the spectrum outside our normal vision, an art characteristically our own, by which we may make ourselves manifest to the world.

GILBERT SELDES.

* Barber Shop Ballads, a book of Close Harmony. Edited by Sigmund Spaeth; illustrated by Ellison Hoover; foreword by Ring Lardner. With phonograph records. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$2.

F. O. B. Detroit

THEY are out for a drive. And as they drive, they talk to themselves. More rarely, they talk to each other. When this happens, the printer shifts gears, and they drive on in *italics*.

Front-seat—Too much oil. Just look at that smoke. Come on now, come on baby, make the grade.

Back-seat—We might stop by Mrs. Purley's. Though I wonder if she'd notice. I promised her we would. I wish I'd brought my veil in case we do stop. Though I suppose we won't. My, aren't those trees green. My, they ought to fix this road. And if she did notice I suppose she wouldn't say anything anyway.

Front-seat—The foot-accelerator squeaks. Some day I'm going to be rich enough to buy a car with no squeaks . . . It says 1288.4. I'd like to get a dollar for every mile. A dollar a squeak. Ten thousand a week. What's the interest on 1288.4 at 5 percent? At 10 percent? I'd like to find a hundred dollar bill in my sock every morning. Oh boy, there goes a Chrysler. Wouldn't I like one of them . . . She's humming right along now just the same, humming right along . . . Say, Honey!

Back-seat—Yes, Henry, what is it?

Front-seat—Did you lock the kitchen door?

Back-seat—Did I lock the kitchen door? Yes, I did lock it! I remember reminding myself not to forget. . . . Now did I? That door ought to be painted anyhow . . . Every time we go by here there's always wash on the line. I ought to have that old skirt washed over again. There's a pretty place. Pretty as a picture. I'd like to frame a pretty place like that and hang it up. Then I could have Mrs. Purley to lunch. Oh Henry!

Front-seat—What?

Back-seat—The Purley's have bought a new car.

Front-seat—What kind?

Back-seat—I don't know what kind, but I saw them all in it yesterday crossing the bridge, and it's new. . . . My, the air feels good. I wish Henry didn't have to sit up there in front. I wonder if he shaved this morning . . . Better not. The last time I asked him he got mad. . . . There's a pretty bird. I'm going to buy a cage, a gold cage.

Front-seat—Just made it! She's warmed up now. I'd like to go a thousand miles without stopping. Every hill on high. They say there are some cars can do that, but I guess they run by steam. There's a big stone right in the middle of the road. Thirty-five, forty—I'd like to hold it right at forty all along. It gives you that feeling. . . . Here's where I pass this Buick. . . . Whee!

Back-seat—Henry! Did you see that house?

Front-seat—No—what kind was it?

Back-seat—An old homestead of some kind I'm sure. Old brick chimneys. You never notice anything. It was lovely!

Front-seat—I'm too busy keeping us out of the ditch. . . .

Back-seat—Wouldn't it be nice to live in a house like that. I'd tear down that porch and plant lilacs and paint it up and put in a bathroom . . . a bathroom so fine, so fine that he'd want to shave every day. . . . Henry!

Front-seat—Yes?

Back-seat—I want you to buy a new hat.

Front-seat—Well I'm going to.

Back-seat—Well I wish you would.

Front-seat—Well I will.

Back-seat—This is the weather I like. Lots of clouds and lots of sky. I feel like floating. Look at that crow, floating so high. I'd like to be that crow and float away. . . .

Front-seat—This little car is one of the best ever. I ought to have tightened those brakes. It's even better than the little bus I bought for our honeymoon. I wonder where that car is now. . . . She used to sit up in the front seat then. I like it better this way. Gives me a chance to drive. Above forty-five she begins to rattle. If there was a rattle-snake on the road I'd cut him right in two. Zip, zing—and goodbye Mr. Snake. Zingo!

Back-seat—What is it now?

Front-seat—I'm just enjoying life, that's all.

Back-seat—Oh, is that all. . . . There's a funny smell. Must be from that house. Sounds like chicken liver. That's funny! As if a smell could sound. Henry!

Front-seat—What?

Back-seat—I just thought of the funniest thing, I just said it to myself.

Front-seat—What?

Back-seat—Nothing. It sounds too silly. Now wasn't that silly of me? But it did smell like chicken liver. Only I'm not hungry. I'm just happy, that's all. I'd like to be this way always. I'd like to roll in the green grass. I'd like to take that little white dog for a scamper-scamper across the grass. Only Henry wouldn't want to stop the car. He's such a good chauffeur. Those good chauffeurs never talk much. They just drive and drive and drive. A good driver isn't always a good husband. People always tell me how much he loves me. Henry! I'm positive I did!

Front-seat—Did what?

Back-seat—Locked the kitchen door!

Front-seat—That fellow over at the garage told me I was no mechanic. He's a liar. If he'd called me a liar, just once, I'd have bashed his face in. Mixed his map up good and plenty. If he ever got mean what wouldn't I do to him. I wish he'd get real ugly, just once, I'd show him. I wouldn't say a thing, no, not a word, I'd just paste him one right on the jaw. If he got up I'd paste him again. Gosh, that would be great. Only he'd have to get real ugly first. . . . That mudguard must be getting loose. Now what's the matter!

Back-seat—What's the matter now?

Front-seat—Carbon, I guess.

Back-seat—Oh, can't you get a new one?

(Before either of them speaks aloud again, the car has passed five schoolhouses, two on right, three on left, crossed iron bridge over R. R., borne left with traffic, followed car tracks, scorned fresh peaches for sale, and swept by six boiler segments with geraniums growing in them.)

Back-seat—I did want some of those peaches, dear.

Front-seat—You ought to have said so, honey.

Back-seat—It's going to rain. I always feel sad when it's going to rain. When it does rain, I don't feel so sad. It would have been nice to have had some of those peaches for supper. Peaches stain the napkins. Sometimes brown, sometimes not. Anyway they stain. I don't like paper napkins. I wonder when Henry will get that raise. Mr. Edie is getting sixty-five a week. Sometimes this car bounces so I almost can't stand it.

Front-seat—Sunday I'll grind and reseat the valves, and then believe me she'll go. Some day they'll make valves you won't have to touch, ever. I'd like to give that girl a ride. Brother, she would say, I trust you. She looks

like a good girl. There's a lot too many good girls in the world. Brother, I like your looks; take me for a long long ride. I'd just talk to her, that's all.

Back-seat—There's a rain-drop.

Front-seat—I've got chains.

Back-seat—Henry! Henry! I remember now! The kitchen door isn't locked! I never touched it! We'll have to go back! How careless of me. But Henry ought to have thought of it. Now he'll think me careless.

Front-seat—I'd like to talk a whole lot. I'd like to be one of those orators now. Singing's fun too, if you know how. I'd like to stop the car right here and now and spell-bind that old farmer for fair! My friend, you know who I am, you know that I know your needs. . . Wonder how much that farm's worth. Catch me living on a farm. Nobody to talk to.

(They arrive home, and the kitchen door is locked.)

Back-seat—I knew it! I just knew it!

Front-seat—Some trip, honey. To Gaffney's from here is six miles, and there to Springville is three and a half . . . nine and a half and four and a half is thirteen and six again is nineteen. Forty-three minutes. . . Not so bad, not so bad. . . Guess I'll measure the gas.

ROBERT LITTELL.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Journalists and War

SIR: I picked up the *Life* of Joseph Pulitzer, by Don Seitz, and opening by chance I read on page 238 the following:

Strong as he had been for peace in the dispute with Great Britain over Venezuela, Mr. Pulitzer veered about radically in the quarrel between the United States and Spain. For one thing, liberty was involved; for another his rivalry with Hearst created a longing for bigger things to happen. He once confessed that he rather liked the idea of a war—not a big one—but one that would arouse interest and give him a chance to gauge the reflex in circulation figures.

This statement looks simple because it is told so simply, but here was a great journalist with immense influence in the forming of public opinion, who wanted a war, partly for liberty's sake, but also to give him the chance to out-do a rival with big news, and see its effect on the circulation of his paper. He didn't want a big war—oh, no!—but just a safe little one, to make for national greatness with the least risk, to bag a few Spaniards, to blow up a few ships, and to carry the flag across the ocean in all its glory. All this would be bigger happenings, and he could see its effect on circulation. It would give him, too, a chance to meet a rival on the field of bigger news.

And the next appalling fact is that a man of affairs like his biographer, the manager of this great paper, can tell this in cold blood as an ordinary and natural thing. It shows how men can come to look on war as a big game, a sort of glorious outing in which a few men may be killed perhaps, but a great show all the same and well worth the price, especially as the other fellow pays. It is the sporting spirit on a grand scale where the enemy is stalked instead of the bird or hare—a game for gentlemen to watch while the privates beat the bush or die in the trenches. And this in America!

EDWIN S. PARKER.

Boston, Mass.

The Margery Case Again

SIR: It appears that Mr. Upton Sinclair evidently does not understand the "Margery" case.

Four of the five members of the Scientific American Committee voted "Margery" did not possess super-normal power. The vote

I cast was that she was a trickster; the other gentlemen were more polite.

J. Malcolm Bird's book, *Margery*, is a tissue of falsehood. . . . If Mr. Bird thinks "Margery" is genuine, why does he not make her win the \$30,000 offered for any test that proves she possesses the much sought for psychic power? Mr. J. F. Rinn will pay \$10,000; the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* will pay \$5,000; there is the *Scientific American's* \$5,000, and my \$10,000, making the sum \$30,000—which he could give to any worthy charity.

Mr. O. D. Munn stopped the press in 1924 and threw out an entire chapter regarding "Margery" written by Mr. Bird, and Mr. Bird is no longer connected with that magazine. It is true that he resigned, but it is also true that right after the "Margery" seances and investigation he was no longer connected with the publication. . . .

HOUDINI.

New York, N. Y.

Lumber Men and Reforestation

SIR: An impression persists in the public mind that lumber manufacturers are either selfishly indifferent to the necessity for constructive action in the conservation of our timber resources, or that they are acting with diffident reluctance under compulsion of an aroused national concern. The fact is that for many years lumbermen and forest land owners have been working out the problem of conservation and reforestation along the only lines upon which any satisfactory solution can rest—sound, economic practicability.

Great progress has marked this conservation movement within the industry. Men of brains and experience have evolved the more important elements of the formula which, if carried forward in a coöperative spirit by both the public and forest owners, will insure extension and permanency of our forested areas. Two things constitute the major elements in the forest conservation program. The first is the appalling destruction of forest fires, and the second, less spectacular but equally important, concerns our unscientific methods of forest taxation that annually drive millions of feet of standing timber to the saw, which should be spared and conserved as part of our stored national wealth.

While the greatest share of responsibility for our annual forest fire bill of approximately \$500,000,000, rests with the public, timber owners themselves have established elaborate coöperative systems of patrols and fire fighting organizations that are in almost continuous operation for from three to five months of every year. These organizations protect public as well as private timberlands and work closely with the Forest Service. Forest fires are a constant menace in the drier months and destroy not only non-insurable standing timber but new growth upon thousands of acres of reforesting lands, often making the ground sterile and permanently unproductive. Public coöperation in the protection of our forests against fire is essential as most of these fires are preventable, being due to carelessness of campers and tourists.

The lack of understanding by the American public has resulted in increasing the taxes on standing timber from year to year and thus forced many owners to cut their trees long before they desired and has compelled lumbermen to increase their production as greatly as possible by operating their sawmills day and night. Lumbermen seek not to evade taxation but to have a yield or crop tax as with any other land crop product.

The modern tendency of the lumber manufacturing industry is toward the management of plants and forest properties on the basis of sustained yield with timber production balancing timber cut. Many larger mills in all sections of the country are placing their properties upon this basis. Lumbermen are reforesting to such an extent that if the elements of undue fire hazard and pyramided taxation were eliminated, the whole problem of forest conservation doubtless would work out satisfactorily. Lumber manufacturers are American citizens first and lumbermen second. They are keenly sensible of their obligations and opportunities for contributing to the public welfare. If the public on its part would meet this great industrial endeavor in a coöperative spirit there would be no need of anxiety in relation to future timber supplies.

EDGAR P. ALLEN,

Director of Public Relations, National
Lumber Manufacturers' Association.

Washington, D. C.

A French View of Fielding

The Novels of Fielding, by Aurelien Digeon. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 255 pages. \$4.50.

SOME time ago three men were discussing fiction. One had written more novels, one had read more, and one had thought more about them than anyone else in the United States. They agreed that if it were conceivable to ask the question, Who is the greatest novelist? they would have to answer Tolstoy, on the basis of War and Peace. If the question were limited to the English novelists the answer would be Fielding, on the evidence of Tom Jones. Both War and Peace and Tom Jones are epic novels according to M. Digeon's definition, in that "they express, at a given moment, the soul of a generation, in all its fullness and all its depth, perhaps in all the dimness of its hidden dream." They do this by very different, indeed by opposed, methods. Tolstoy deliberately made Russia his subject, and chose his characters for their usefulness in representing aspects of the national theme. Fielding made Tom Jones his hero, and surrounded him with an immense number of people, animated by an extraordinary number of happenings, and so arrived at "a complete expression of a moment of collective life," "a picture of England at a moment when, suspended between her great past and her prodigious future, she was most limpidly herself." Tolstoy established what may be called the mass novel, the practice of which is coming to be more important in the twentieth century. Fielding set the classical example of the biographical novel, corresponding among epics to the Odyssey, which remained steadily the natural and characteristic form of English fiction throughout the nineteenth.

Such a creative figure as Fielding is thus worthy of the comprehensive and illuminating study which M. Digeon gives us. It is true, as the author explains in his preface, that after many years' work his publication was delayed by the War and was thus anticipated by Professor Cross's monumental biography. Most of his discoveries, therefore, go by attribution to the American scholar. Nevertheless it is gratifying to have Professor Cross's findings so generally confirmed; and it is useful to have the mass of information in his three volumes digested into a brief, compact, and very readable study, in which the author with Gallic precision, has given a firm outline and clear interpretation to his subject. M. Digeon belongs among those recent French scholars, M. Legouis, M. Feuillerat, M. Cazamian, M. Saurat, whose studies of English literature have been both enlightening and stimulating.

M. Digeon sketches the life of Fielding and gives an admirable analysis of each of his four novels—Joseph Andrews, Jonathan Wild, Tom Jones, and Amelia—which to those who have read them will recall a pleasure from the past, and to those who have not, will promise one for the future, at least in the case of Tom Jones. Among the points of emphasis in his book is his elaboration of the literary connection between Fielding and Richardson which began when the former was moved to parody by Pamela, in Joseph Andrews. Indeed M. Digeon follows Professor Cross in attributing the earlier anonymous Shamela, to Fielding.

As to the disputed date of the writing of Jonathan Wild, M. Digeon has an interesting hypothesis. It is that the mock biography of the notorious thief and thief-taker, in whose career Sir Robert Walpole and the political situation are cleverly suggested, was written about 1737 when Fielding was driven from the theatre by the Licensing Act, and

the story of the Heartfree family was added six years later, just before publication, to raise the status of the book to that of a real novel. If so, we have a clever case of grafting. At all events Jonathan Wild is a very obvious expression of the two strains in Fielding's character, the ironic and the sentimental.

In Tom Jones M. Digeon sees clear evidence of Fielding's purpose to issue a counterblast to Clarissa, which was then under construction and of which he must have known the general plan and tendency from various members of Richardson's camera, among whom was his sister, Sarah Fielding. In the essays introductory to the several books of Tom Jones, Fielding takes various cracks at his rival, condemning, for instance, the epistolary novel, and commenting adversely on the practice of introducing characters "all of a piece," either of "angelic perfection" or "diabolical depravity." He enlists formally under the banner of comedy, and this, M. Digeon notes, is the central fact in the difference between the two masters in point of view and in art.

Richardson has the tragic outlook, the fatality of his characters dominates him; in spite of himself he admires them, or at the least he submits to them. Fielding, on the contrary, always keeps his detachment. He never loses that critical faculty which is essential to the comic spirit, he always sees his characters intellectually and is never in their power.

Amelia, the child of Fielding's old age—he was only forty-four—and his best beloved, is chiefly notable for its anticipation of later tendencies in fiction in its elements of sentiment, psychology and purpose. It is a novel of situation rather than action, static rather than dynamic. This fact is rather crudely emphasized by the recurrence of the attempts on Amelia's virtue, on the one hand, and of Booth's defection set off always by the pathetic scenes in which Amelia comforts her children, on the other. Indeed, it is a limitation on Fielding's art in general which M. Digeon fails to note that his "invention" should have discovered such small range of variety in incident—a poverty which the English novel since his time has faithfully reflected.

Another element in Fielding's work to which M. Digeon calls attention is the Christian element. He speaks of it as appearing for the first time in Amelia, and finds the chief evidence of it in Dr. Harrison's expositions and Booth's formal conversion in prison, after reading the sermons of Barrow, "that great and good man." In fact, however, Fielding the novelist is always and essentially Christian. He constantly uses the ethical standard of Christianity, judging acts by the intention behind them, searching the heart by the clairvoyance which sees in secret. In Joseph Andrews, apart from the evangelical utterances of Parson Adams, there are bits of applied Christianity, especially the stagecoach scene in which Joseph, fallen among thieves and flouted by the Priests and Levites among the passengers, is taken up by the postillion as the Good Samaritan. Fielding's rank as a Christian moralist depends on his use of two great Christian motives, renunciation and atonement. They appear characteristically in his heroines, Mrs. Heartfree, Sophia, Amelia. Each of these women is capable of sacrifice; each brings salvation to those whom she loves. This theme is most prominent in Amelia, but the famous scenes in which that admirable woman comforts her children in the midst of her own anxiety over her wayward Booth re-

call and repeat those in the Heartfree family. In his use of the most characteristic motives of Christianity, Fielding is far more deeply and essentially Christian than Richardson with his rewards of virtue in this world or the next. And these motives are precisely those by which serious English fiction in the succeeding century was inspired. It is another note of the primacy of Fielding in the English novel that he sounded simply and categorically the themes upon which Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell, and George Eliot elaborated their variations of Victorian morality.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Austria in Dissolution

Austria in Dissolution. By Stephan, Count Burian. Translated by Brian Lunn. New York: George H. Doran Company. 455 pages. \$6.

COUNT BURIAN was Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister from January, 1915, to December, 1917, and resumed his portfolio in April, 1918, so that he was at the heart of the devious diplomacy which brought Bulgaria into the War on one side and Italy and Rumania on the other; and it was his hand which steadied the somewhat shaky olive branch eventually extended to the victorious Allies by the Central Powers. His new book on Austria in Dissolution is therefore an inside history of events, which will have permanent value in spite of some trivial passages, and in spite also of the fact that His Excellency has obviously written more state documents than books.

The most interesting and revealing portions of the book are those that record the haggling which failed to bring Italy and Rumania into line with the Central Powers but which Count Burian describes at greater length than his successful dealings with Bulgaria.

The Austrians were not slow in discerning that Italy would never fight on their side and that her neutrality was all they could hope for. Count Burian, however, was unwilling to take the obvious course of ceding the Italian-populated Austrian territories because he felt cynically certain that he would gain no Italian aid by doing so and would advance a probable future enemy so much the nearer to the heart of Austria. He was early convinced that Italian demands would have no limit and that "the screw would be applied indefinitely," the Italians meantime keeping up a pretense of friendship; but as he knew their army was still unprepared he saw no immediate need for yielding. His course was aided by the fact that Italy's Ambassador at Vienna was frankly a friend of Austria's.

Italian threats began early in February, 1915, when Italy charged Austria with a breach of the alliance because she had occupied Balkan territory without providing compensations for Italy, and referred to possible "serious consequences"—that well worn and well understood diplomatic menace. Later the Italians practically forbade Austrian advance in the Balkans until their requirements had been met. This was a second threat. In March the Austrians agreed to cede the Italian Tyrol—eventually; but Italy steadily insisted on immediate cession, which was the last thing in the world Austria, fearing a subsequent attack, intended to grant. On April 1, the Italian Ambassador dropped the first hint of still greater demands and on the same day Austria received first news of a secret Italian advance to the frontier. Germany urged Austrian concessions but the Entente's counter-attractions prevailed and in May Italy made up her mind.

The Rumanian negotiations are a similar record of haggling and cajolery. Except for old King Carol sympathies were chiefly with the Entente, but being smaller and more exposed than Italy, Rumania found her choice of sides a more ticklish matter. The Rumanian game was to play for time, make sure which side would win, never entirely excluding the possibility of joining the Central Powers, who were eager for help against the expected Italian assault.

Count Burian, who was in charge of the Austrian administration of Bosnia-Herzegovina from 1903 to 1912, describes in detail the Austrian annexation in 1908, which nearly brought on a world war six years ahead of time. It was he who on April 4, 1908, drew up the memorandum urging annexation—which Aehrenthal, the by no means scrupulous Foreign Minister, at first opposed, but to which he consented after the Turkish Revolution made it likely that Parliamentary elections would be held in the occupied provinces, thereby emphasizing the fact that though administered by Austria they were still Turkish property. This disagreeable prospect was prevented by the annexation.

There are some interesting but not startling facts about Austrian opposition to submarine warfare and a general sketch of the peace preliminaries. Mr. Brian Lunn has admirably exemplified the translator's art which conceals art, by making his translation read like an original work. Unfortunately the publishers have supplied no index, which reduces by half the value of an otherwise useful source book of contemporary history.

JOHN BAKELESS.

Reading for Effect

Reading With a Purpose: Biology, by Vernon Kellogg (40 pages); *English Literature*, by W. C. Carlton (74 pages); *Ten Pivotal Figures of History*, by Ambrose W. Vernon (36 pages). Chicago: American Library Association. Cloth, single copy, \$.50; Paper, single copy, \$.35; 100 or more, \$.10 each, etc.

READING, we have been told, maketh a full man. For the achievement of this result upon a large, not to say universal, scale no country of the world is as well equipped as our own. This is not due to the great prevalence among Americans of the book-buying habit. Indeed, our publishers complain bitterly that the number of Americans who buy books habitually and extensively is a negligible quantity, far less per thousand of population than can be found in half a dozen European countries, for all our vaunted economic superiority. There may be many reasons for this, but they are all irrelevant. This is an argument between five hundred and five thousand, whereas the actual, effective reading public of America is numbered in millions. The explanation of this phenomenon is the public library. Thanks to the frontier communism of the New England towns which established the tradition, and to the munificence of the Great Steelmaster who lies entombed in the cities and villages of every state, library reading is one of the characteristic features of American life. Everybody does it. In the east side of New York hazel-eyed youths with olive skins obtain their Hebrew classics on loan from a foreign language branch of the city library; out in the great open spaces, where men are peasants and women go crazy from loneliness, the village library supplies the standard means of disposing of the evenings. Except in the

schools there is no public so extensive as that of the American library.

Quite naturally, therefore, the librarian feels himself a public functionary with a rank and rating equal to that of high school principals, while the officers of the American Library Association are bowed down by a responsibility only less awful than that which resounds in the presidential addresses of the National Education Association. The condition of the public mind is upon their consciences, and they must do something about it. From the service of a natural appetite they pass to the crusade for more and better reading. Shelves of recent acquisitions give way to selected sheaves of books appropriate to the locale and the season. The scarlet jackets of the latest novels are pushed to one side to make room on the bulletin board for the advices from Ellesmere and Fez, with a neatly typed list of the best and latest books on arctic travel, oceanography, and the commercial use of the aeroplane, Morocco and Its Peoples, The Berbers—An Ancient Race, an atlas of North Africa. Just recently, and as a result of the British Workers' Education Association, America has discovered adult education. Librarians have been quick to make the inevitable inference. The chief instrument of adult education is the library. Hence the necessity for new studies of our library resources from the point of view of their use in adult education. Hence also Reading With a Purpose.

The object of these pamphlets, a dozen of which are already planned though only three have appeared, is to fill the mind. Each is an essay written to accompany a very brief book list, the pamphlets to be distributed and the books loaned from every library.

A good general knowledge of the subject should result from following through the course of reading suggested in this booklet [says the official editorial note]—a knowledge greatly superior to that of the average citizen. If you wish to pursue the subject further the librarian of your Public Library will be glad to make suggestions. If you desire to increase your knowledge in other fields, you are referred to the other courses in this Reading With a Purpose series, and to your Public Library.

The essays and even the book lists which are assembled under this banner with the strange but familiar device of self-improvement will no doubt vary widely. The three already published do so. Mr. Kellogg's essay is chatty and unpretentious, and his list provocative and unpedantic. Mr. Carlton's, at the other extreme, is the work of a convinced and devoted pedant, the kind of pedant who can never mention any book except the greatest work of its generation, who cannot allow Carlyle to pass without a detailed account of his philosophy of life, or Hardy without a word of warning on the subject of his pessimism lest you be shocked when you read that the president of the immortals has finished his sport with Tess, who conceives that people profit by being told that the Victorian period "surpassed all others in the excellence of its historical writing and the depth and sincerity of its historical research as seen in the works of Carlyle, Macaulay, Hallam, Grote, Milman, Kinglake, Lecky, Finlay, Stubbs, Green, Gairdner, Creighton, Bryce, Froude, Freeman, Gardner and Lingard," who feels that "having learned from our reading of the masterpieces of the past what qualities and characteristics are usually found in great literature, we should be able to detect their presence or absence in the writings of our own

day," and so proceeds to avow the "deliberate conviction" that The Forsyte Saga is the "finest work of English fiction" in thirty years.

But the differences among the pamphlets are unimportant. Marching under such a banner they must all cry Excelsior! and perish of the cold. There simply is no such thing as a list of books the reading of which will educate a man, even to a point "greatly superior to that of the average citizen," and there is no use in trying to make one. Roosevelt's pigskin set and Eliot's linear measure have been widely read, even more widely sold, and vastly more extensively advertised. But they have not greatly affected the literacy of the nation. They appealed to a special public of those who would improve each shining hour; they did service for a season and were replaced by Pelmanism to the lasting profit of the secondhand book dealers. The number of those who read the Koran and the works of Erasmus remains just about what it was before.

To educate people you have got to induce them to read steadily and progressively. To get them to do that you have got to arouse their interest not in consuming your minimum dose of intellectual beef, iron, and wine, but in going beyond and around your discipline to the pursuit of ends which they themselves have conceived. Beating the general information of the average citizen is not such an end, except in the Pelman sense, and in that sense reading is done not for a purpose but for effect. Indeed, the only scholarly motive is the itch to get to the bottom of something or other, the hunger to comprehend what is dimly felt to lie beyond—and the most astounding thing about all our schools and libraries is how infrequently they excite this hunger. From this point of view the wisest suggestion in these three lists is Mr. Kellogg's half apologetic mention of Wiggam's Fruit of the Family Tree. This is a thoroughly bad book. But it is a provocative book. Indeed, readers of it should find themselves incited to riot. Certainly it is the kind of book that makes it absolutely necessary to read something else on the same subject. But lists which are guaranteed to fill the mind cannot be made up of books like this. Nothing is safely to be recommended to the hundred millions but a gilt-edged, first mortgage book at 3 percent, maturing, so to speak, in 1875. It is all very well to gloat over the upward movement of the market. Says Mr. Carlton,

The first quarter of the twentieth century will always be memorable in the literary history of England because of the unprecedented number of writers who sought to express themselves and their ideas through the medium of the short story and the novel. Never before had the art of fiction been so extensively cultivated; never before had so many contemporary novelists produced so many novels of first-rate workmanship and serious purpose.

Says Mr. Vernon,

One of the most striking phenomena in the world of books today is the remarkable increase in the interest in biography. All over the world biographies which are at once scintillating and scholarly are being produced. It would, I think, be a safe assertion that never before has a contemporaneous group of biographers arisen which equals Gamaliel Bradford of America, Lytton Strachey of Great Britain, Georg Brandes of Denmark and—at a considerable remove—Giovanni Papini of Italy.

But when they come to select their lists Mr. Vernon overlooks every one of this scintillating group, confining his modern selections to a trio of American presidents, while Mr. Carlton deposits his Galsworthy with his Thackeray, Meredith, and Hardy as the safest thing in contemporary letters. These are such as should be played on phonographs: fifteen minutes a day and exceed the average citizen!

C. E. AYRES.

The Golden Age of Mr. Hughes

America and World Peace, by Hon. John H. Clarke, former Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 145 pages. \$1.50.

The Recent Foreign Policy of the United States, by George H. Blakeslee. New York: the Abingdon Press. 368 pages. \$2.

JUSTICE CLARKE'S panegyric on the League of Nations is greatly like other panegyrics on the League of Nations, except that it has less argumentative power and more bad grammar than most. In three lectures he has attempted to exhibit the necessity of American adherence to the Geneva society, and the value of that organization to the world. But the style of his effort gives rise to the reflection that however much one may wish the United States into the League, nobody can doubt the effect of such immoderate rhapsodies as this on what Mr. Clarke calls the "Great Cause." Glutinous idealism, easy belief in the future, are not what will convince the opponents of the League in America. The League may well pray to be defended from its friends.

One of the quaintest things about this particular plea is that Mr. Clarke names the Corfu episode as an outstanding example of the League's success. He also asserts that the League has on "five different occasions" saved the world from the immediate peril of war. What are those occasions? Was Mudania one? Was Corfu? There must be a clearer facing of the melancholy facts, a clearer appeal to reason, if the hard-headed American opponents of Geneva are to be convinced.

Much more cautiously and soberly does Professor Blakeslee go about his task. His book is a survey of the American foreign policies during the four years of Mr. Hughes's reign at the Department of State. The period covered is particularly interesting in many respects; it displayed both the weakness and the strength of our unprofessional diplomacy in characteristic attitudes. The cautious, indeed timid, experiments of Mr. Hughes in the direction of coöperation with Europe are shown by Mr. Blakeslee in their most favorable light; but the impression is definite that Mr. Hughes was prevented from carrying out his own desires by the Senate, the ubiquitous Senate. Too obviously Mr. Hughes—whom Mr. Blakeslee regards with a sincere admiration as his own chief and a first-rate statesman—was powerless where Europe was concerned. The one European achievement of the Hughes ministry was the Dawes plan, and Mr. Blakeslee gives it a full measure of praise; but even there the author is obliged to end by the admission that the American government, having imposed the plan on a decidedly reluctant Europe, is unable to take any direct responsibility for its operation.

The Washington Conference appeals to Mr. Blakeslee

as a tremendous event in the history of mankind, and Mr. Hughes as its hero. It restored peace in the Pacific; it destroyed the Japanese menace, swept away the Anglo-Japanese alliance, effectively limited the world's navies, rehabilitated (sic) China. Yet on the heels of it, a mere two years later, Congress threw away much of the good done by Mr. Hughes and voted an astonishing Japanese Exclusion Act, which makes the future in the Pacific incalculable.

This section of Mr. Blakeslee's work exhibits a greater pride in American diplomacy than any other. Yet even here one is obliged to conclude that intelligent diplomacy is impossible in a country where legislative interference with foreign policy is incessant. On every point the history of Mr. Hughes's administration shows the effects of that devastating and ever-present possibility of congressional meddling which has vitiated much of our diplomatic effort for decades. In the three divisions, Europe, the Americas, and Asia, the United States maintains three distinct and often contradictory policies; in all of them the enemy of progress, by Mr. Blakeslee's showing, has been the national legislature. "Coöperation," which Mr. Blakeslee thinks should be the aim of our international activity, is thus rendered illusory, and the phrase "foreign policy" loses all sense.

As an indication that Mr. Hughes and his friends are not particularly proud of it, it might be added that the Hughes attitude towards Soviet Russia is not here touched upon. Mexico, too, remains in the background where dwell the unconsidered trifles.

VINCENT SHEEAN.

A Chronicle of American Boyhood

Farmington, by Clarence Darrow. New York: Boni and Liveright. 255 pages. \$2.

WITH Clarence Darrow's name on the front page of every newspaper as the champion of liberal thought, a new edition of his boyhood recollections (*Farmington*) has particular interest. Those who read the book in 1904, while English translations of Tolstoy's works were still a comparative novelty, and Elbert Hubbard was profitably preaching slabsided simplicity, lacked the contrast of literary background which furnishes present-day readers with a veritable sensation as these pictures of life fifty years ago in a small Pennsylvania village pass before their eyes. These are true pastorals, written with an almost Wordsworthian simplicity—and it must be admitted also, with Wordsworthian sentimentality. The author's philosophy of life is revealed as that now so widely accepted, although revolutionary in 1904—namely: that the "good life" is dependent upon having what one wants and *not* having to do anything that is either dull or disagreeable. This conceded, we can turn our attention unreservedly to the literary qualities of the book.

Mr. Darrow's style is admirably fitted, in its limpid simplicity, to the delineation of his rural scenes. The dusty country roads, the swimming holes and river, the "red schoolhouse," the tidy farms and ample barns, the village green and its activities, are brought before our unfamiliar eyes so actually, so sincerely and affectionately, as to bring a start of recognition, almost a kind of homesickness. The chapter on Holidays is a delight. Village baseball is described with a gusto that fifty years have

clearly never dimmed. And the aunts—Aunt Mary, the religious housewife; Aunt Louisa, the dread visitor—are character sketches racily and vigorously drawn. As Mr. Darrow leaves the general for the specific his workmanship becomes increasingly crisp and true. All the tenderness of his more expansive moments is here, but refined, tempered into cordiality of insight, precision of understanding. There is no sloppiness of treatment in Mr. Darrow's "case-work," literary or legal. Although it is the latter upon which his fame rests, one feels that his power of lucid presentation might have been equally effective in any field of expression.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

The Flying Horse

Gold by Gold, by Herbert S. Gorman. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

THE novel which reveals the stream of consciousness is seldom highly episodic. *Gold by Gold* is an exception to the rule. Within the flux of his poet hero's mind Mr. Gorman has set a story which moves quickly and contains moments of drama, even of melodrama, with a death by fire, the antics of a mysterious hunchback, the departure of Karl Nevins from home, leaving his wife, who may be dying, and stealing money for the journey. His subsequent adventures are equally within the picaresque tradition.

The double trick is difficult to turn; consciousness is a multitudinous affair, crowded with the inconsequential; to preserve its modes along with the drive of action is an almost impossible task. In fact, Mr. Gorman has not perfectly accomplished it, though his novel keeps an unbroken vigor. Undoubtedly he gives the thick confusion, the startled changes, the floating and the blind struggle of a mind seeking anchorage, but he fails to keep this delicate web intact. The pattern of the story is often too hastily pushed into the foreground, and not as it appears to young Nevins but as it strikes the rapid fancy of Mr. Gorman, who seems at times quite carried away by the excitement—in itself the very good excitement—of the moment. As if in enthusiasm, Mr. Gorman repeatedly steps into the book, heightening emotional effects here and there; he makes the ashen face of day peer in at the window; clouds become a pack of hounds ready to devour the moon; and these cannot be young Nevins's metaphors, for he is sound asleep when they appear on the page. Likewise the people of the book are not consistently seen through young Nevins's eyes. They are often real people; one has known some of them, not in the typical sense in which the phrase is often used, but actually. It is a curious fact that direct portraiture can usually be detected whether one has acquaintance with the originals or not; the details are likely to become too sharp, the outlines too near; somehow the portrait is not quite in key with the rest of the scene. So with many of the characters in this amply peopled novel: they lack the final calm of the imagination; they crowd forward and glitter; one is suddenly struck by Mr. Gorman's satire or his boldness in caricature; one becomes absorbed, indeed, in the many-sided game of recognition, and is diverted from the business of the hour, which is to follow the small *Odyssey* of a preposterous young second-rate poet. Then, in the large, Mr. Gorman has straitened his story within a special purpose of his own; reluctant as one is to say it,

this is a novel with a thesis. Mr. Gorman is seeking the springs of Helicon, or, in the figure which pervades the book, the secret of riding the flying horse. The dying Kingston is made an oracle of Apollo, crying that the poet must bridle Pegasus before he can ride him; in the end the whole tale is drawn within this admonition as through a ring. But what is the bridle? How does one gain it? Does Mr. Gorman mean control, perspective, hold upon life, governance—what indeed? He gives us leave to ask these questions, for they are suggested at many points, notably in the running undercurrent of Nevins's debate on the place of body, mind, and heart. At the end they flare up in a magnificent image. Yet no clear answer appears; the abstract puzzle remains, even after one has closed the book, partly overshadowing its human values.

After all, shadowed or not, *Gold by Gold* unmistakably possesses human values. It is part of Mr. Gorman's virtuosity that in spite of his own excursions and invasions the flux of his hero's consciousness slips along, checked here and there, but irresistibly itself. Nevins becomes palpable—a cad and a bounder, with a spinning, exacerbated, childish pride, absorbed in his queer phantasmagoria of gold, grandeur, orientalism, and perpetual roses; he creates—typically—enough images to occupy a psychoanalyst for a year, and is immoderately pleased by them. It is an achievement to have rendered so fevered a sensibility; and Mr. Gorman has done still more. This ridiculous little figure who has run away from life at Springvale with his suitcase banging against his legs at last commands our pity; his anguish becomes both desperate and touching. The truth is that *Gold by Gold* is packed with values of many sorts; Mr. Gorman has a superabundance of intuitions, ideas, feelings, judgments, inquiries; his short and restless book is a horn of plenty, containing not only the intrinsic matter of his major story but material enough for half a dozen other pieces of writing, in different modes, including satirical pamphlets on literary life in New York and on other subjects which can not be discussed within the scope of this review. The moral is obvious, but for Mr. Gorman at least it need not be pointed; he has already shown himself preoccupied with the symbol of the bridle.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

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